

THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Chronicles of Carlingford,	<i>Salem Chapel, Part 11,</i> 51
2. Professor Wilson,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine,</i> 69
3. Failures of French Diplomacy,	<i>Spectator,</i> 83
4. Defect of American Institutions,	<i>Economist,</i> 85
5. The Ancient Ways,	<i>N. Y. Evening Post,</i> 87
6. Count Gurowski's Diary,	" " " 93
7. The Dark Side; The Bright Side; The Practical Side,	<i>Daily Advertiser,</i> 94

POETRY.—True or False, 50. November, 50. The Union as it shall be, 96. Victoria Regina, 96.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Turkish Great Exhibition, 68.

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TRUE OR FALSE.

I.

So you think you love me, do you?
Well, it may be so;
But there are many ways of loving
I have learnt to know.
Many ways, and but one true way,
Which is very rare,
And the counterfeits look brightest,
Though they will not wear.

II.

Yet they ring, almost, quite truly,
Last (with care) for long;
But in time must break, may shiver
At a touch of wrong!
Having seen what looked most real
Crumble into dust;
Now I choose that test and trial
Should precede my trust.

III.

I have seen a love demanding
Time and hope and tears,
Chaining all the past, exacting
Bonds from future years;
Mind and heart, and joy and sorrow,
Claiming as its fee:
That was Love of Self, and never,
Never Love of me!

IV.

I have seen a love forgetting
All above, beyond,
Linking every dream and fancy
In a sweeter bond;
Counting every hour worthless,
Which was cold or free:—
That, perhaps, was—Love of Pleasure,
But not Love of me!

V.

I have seen a love whose patience
Never turned aside,
Full of tender, fond devices;
Constant, even when tried;
Smallest boons were held as victories,
Drops that swelled the sea:
That I think was—Love of Power,
But not Love of me!

VI.

I have seen a love disdaining
Ease and pride and fame,
Burning even its own white pinions
Just to feed its flame;
Reigning thus, supreme, triumphant,
By the soul's decree;
That was—Love of Love, I fancy,
But not Love of me!

VII.

I have heard—or dreamt, it may be—
What Love is when true;
How to test and how to try it,
Is the gift of few:
These few say (or did I dream it?)
That true Love abides
In these very things, but always
Has a soul besides.

VIII.

Lives among the false loves, knowing
Just their peace and strife;
Bears the self-same looks but always
Has an inner life.
Only a true heart can find it,
True as it is true,
Only eyes as clear and tender
Look it through and through.

IX.

If it dies, it will not perish
By Time's slow decay,
True Love only grows (they tell me)
Stronger, day by day:
Pain—has been its friend and comrade;
Fate—it can defy;
Only by its own sword, sometimes
Love can choose to die.

X.

And its grave shall be more noble
And more sacred still,
Than a throne, where one less worthy
Reigns and rules at will.
Tell me then, do you dare offer
This true Love to me? . . .
Neither you nor I can answer;
We will—wait and see!

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

NOVEMBER.

DEFYING Autumn's chilly breath, and Winter's
chilling moon,
November wafts upon its breeze the sunny smiles
of June;
The air retains its balmy warmth, the leaves
their tinted green,
And in the light that bathes the night the love
of God is seen.

The brooklets draw the moonbeams down—in-
hale them with each breath;
Then sing in joyous happiness, nor think of
coming death;
But even now the Arctic King is riding close
behind them,
And wielding with the Northern blast his man-
acles to bind them.

You've watched, perhaps, the sudden glow upon
a dying face,
As if the parting soul foresaw its future dwelling-
place;
And then you've seen the cold, cold clay
stretched out upon the bier,
To sleep the long and dreaded sleep that knows
no waking here.

Well, even so the season dies; ere yet it takes
its flight,
The waning sun and harvest-moon pour forth
their flood of light;
And then the clouds grow dark and sad, and
weep teardrops of rain:
For days and months have gone to sleep, and
ne'er shall wake again.

PART XL.—CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. PIGEON was a heavy orator, he was a tall man, badly put together, with a hollow crease across his waistcoat, which looked very much as if he might be folded in two, and so laid away out of mischief. His arms moved foolishly about in the agonies of oratory, as if they did not belong to him; but he did not look absurd through Mrs. Vincent's crape veil, as she sat gazing at the platform on which he stood, and taking in with eager ears every syllable that came from his lips. Mr. Pigeon said it was Mr. Vincent as they had come there to discuss that night. The managers had made up their minds as it was a dooty to lay things before the flock. Mr. Vincent was but a young man, and most in that congregation was ready to make allowances; and as for misfortunes as might have happened to him, he wasn't a-going to lay that to the pastor's charge, nor take no mean advantages. He was for judging a man on his merits, he was. If they was to take Mr. Vincent on his merits without no prejudice, they would find as he hadn't carried out the expectations as was formed of him. Not as there was anything to be said against his preaching, his preaching was well enough, though it wasn't to call rousing up, which was what most folks wanted. There wasn't no desire on the part of the managers to object to his preaching: he had ought to have preached well, that was the truth, for every one as had been connected with Salem in Mr. Tufon's time knew as there was a deal of difference between the new pastor and the old pastor, as far as the work of a congregation went. As for Pigeon's own feelings, he would have held his peace cheerful, if his dooty had permitted him, or if he had seen as it was for the good of the connection. But things was come to that pass in Salem as a man hadn't ought to mind his own feelings, but had to do his dooty, if he was to be took to the stake for it. And them were his circumstances, as many a one as he had spoken to in private could say, if they was to speak up.

To all this Mrs. Vincent listened with the profoundest attention behind her veil. The schoolroom was very full of people—almost as full as on the last memorable tea-party; but the square lines of the gas-burners, coming down with two flaring lights each

from the low roof, were veiled with no festoons this time, and threw an unmitigated glare upon the people, all in their dark winter dresses, without any attempt at special embellishment. Mrs. Pigeon was in the foreground, on a side-bench near the platform; very visible to the minister's mother, nodding her head and giving triumphant glances around now and then to point her husband's confused sentences. Mrs. Pigeon had her daughters spread out on one side of her, all in their best bonnets, and at the corner of the same seat sat little Mrs. Tufon, who shook her charitable head when the poulterer's wife nodded hers, and put her handkerchief to her eyes now and then, as she gazed up at the platform, not without a certain womanly misgiving as to how her husband was going to conduct himself. The Tozers had taken up their position opposite. Mrs. Tozer and her daughter had all the appearance of being in great spirits, especially Phoebe, who seemed scarcely able to contain her amusement as Mr. Pigeon went on. All this Mrs. Vincent saw as clearly as in a picture through the dark folds of her veil. She sat back as far as she could into the shade, and pressed her hands close together, and was noways amused, but listened with as profound an ache of anxiety in her heart as if Pigeon had been the Lord Chancellor. As for the audience in general, it showed some signs of weariness as the poulterer stumbled on through his confused speech; and not a restless gesture, not a suppressed yawn in the place, but was apparent to the minister's mother. The heart in her troubled bosom beat steadier as she gazed; certainly no violent sentiment actuated the good people of Salem as they sat staring with calm eyes at the speaker. Mrs. Vincent knew how a congregation looked when it was thoroughly excited and up in arms against its head. She drew a long breath of relief, and suffered the tight clasp of her hands to relax a little. There was surely no popular passion there.

And then Mr. Tufon got up, swaying heavily with his large uncertain old figure over the table. The old minister sawed the air with his white fat hand after he had said "My beloved brethren" twice over; and little Mrs. Tufon, sitting below in her impatience and anxiety lest he should not acquit himself well, dropped her handkerchief

and disappeared after it, while Mrs. Vincent erected herself under the shadow of her veil. Mr. Tufton did his young brother no good. He was so sympathetic over the misfortunes that had befallen Vincent's family, that bitter tears came to the widow's eyes, and her hands once more tightened in a silent strain of self-support. While the old minister impressed upon his audience the duty of bearing with his dear young brother, and being indulgent to the faults of his youth, it was all the poor mother could do to keep silent, to stifle down the indignant sob in her heart, and keep steady in her seat. Perhaps it was some breath of anguish escaping from her unawares that drew towards her the restless gleaming eyes of another strange spectator there. That restless ghost of a woman!—all shrunken, gleaming, ghastly—her eyes looking all about in an obliquity of furtive glances, fearing yet daring everything. When she found Mrs. Vincent out, she fixed her suspicious, desperate gaze upon the crape veil which hid the widow's face. The deacons of Salem were to Mrs. Hilyard but so many wretched masquers playing a rude game among the dreadful wastes of life, of which these poor fools were ignorant. Sometimes she watched them with a reflection of her old amusement—oftener, pursued by her own tyrannical fancy and the wild restlessness which had brought her here, forgot altogether where she was. But Mrs. Vincent's sigh, which breathed unutterable things—the steady fixed composure of that little figure while the old minister maundered on with his condolences, his regrets, his self-glorification over the interest he had taken in his dear young brother, and the advice he had given him—could not miss the universal scrutiny of this strange woman's eyes. She divined, with a sudden awakening of the keen intelligence which was half crazed by this time, yet vivid as ever, the state of mind in which the widow was. With a half-audible cry the Back Grove Street needlewoman gazed at the minister's mother; in poignant trouble, anxiety, indignant distress—clasping her tender hands together yet again to control the impatience, the resentment, the aching mortification and injury with which she heard all this maudlin pity overflowing the name of her boy—yet, ah! what a world apart from the guilty and desperate spirit which sat there gazing like Dives at Lazarus. Mrs.

Hilyard slid out of her seat with a rapid, stealthy movement, and placed herself unseen by the widow's side. The miserable woman put forth her furtive hand and took hold of the black gown—the old black silk gown, so well worn and long preserved. Mrs. Vincent started a little, looked at her, gave her a slight half-spasmodic nod of recognition, and returned to her own absorbing interest. The interruption made her raise her head a little higher under the veil, that not even this stranger might imagine Arthur's mother to be affected by what was going on. For everything else, Mrs. Hilyard had disappeared out of the widow's memory. She was thinking only of her son.

As for the other minister's wife, Poor Mrs. Tufton's handkerchief dropped a great many times during her husband's speech. Oh, if these blundering men, who mismanage matters so, could but be made to hold their peace! Tears of vexation and distress came into the eyes of the good little woman. Mr. Tufton meant to do exactly what was right; she knew he did; but to sit still and hear him making such a muddle of it all! Such penalties have to be borne by dutiful wives. She had to smile feebly, when he concluded, to somebody who turned round to congratulate her upon the minister's beautiful speech. The beautiful speech had done poor Vincent a great deal more harm than Pigeon's oration. Salem folks, being appealed to on this side, found out that they had, after all, made great allowances for their minister, and that he had not on his part shown a due sense of their indulgence. Somebody else immediately after went on in the same strain: a little commotion began to rise in the quiet meeting. "Mr. Tufton's 'it it,'" said a malcontent near Mrs. Vincent; "we've been a deal too generous, that's what we've been; and he's turned on us." "He was always too high for *my* fancy," said another. "It aint the thing for a pastor to be high-minded; and them lectures and things was never nothing but vanity; and so I always said." Mrs. Vincent smiled a wan smile to herself under her veil. She refused to let the long breath escape from her breast in the form of a sigh. She sat fast, upright, holding her hands clasped. Things were going against Arthur. Unseen among all his foes, with an answer, and more than an answer, to everything they

said, burning in dumb restrained eloquence in her breast, his mother held up his banner. One at least was there who knew Arthur, and lifted up a dumb protest on his behalf to earth and heaven. She felt with an uneasy half-consciousness that some haunting shadow was by her side, and was even vaguely aware of the hold upon her dress, but had no leisure in her mind for anything but the progress of this contest, and the gradual overthrow, accomplishing before her eyes, of Arthur's cause.

It was at this moment that Tozer rose up to make that famous speech which has immortalized him in the connection, and for which the Homerton students, in their enthusiasm, voted a piece of plate to the worthy butlerman. The face of the Salem firmament was cloudy when Tozer rose; suggestions of discontent were surging among the audience. Heads of families were stretching over the benches to confide to each other how long it was since they had seen the minister; how he had never visited as he ought; and how desirable "a change" might prove. Spiteful glances of triumph sought poor Phæbe and her mother upon their bench, where the two began to fail in their courage, and laughed no longer. A crisis was approaching. Mrs. Tufton picked up her handkerchief, and sat erect, with a frightened face; she, too, knew the symptoms of the coming storm.

Such were the circumstances under which Tozer rose in the pastor's defence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Tozer,—
"and Mr. Chairman, as I ought to have said first, if this meeting had been constituted like most other meetings have been in Salem; but, my friends, we haven't met not in what I would call an honest and straightforward way, and consequently we aint in order, not as a free assembly should be, as has met to know its own mind, and not to be dictated to by nobody. There are them as are ready to dictate in every body of men. I don't name no names; I don't make no suggestions; what I'm a-stating of is a general truth as is well known to every one as has studied philosophy. I don't come here pretending as I'm a learned man, nor one as knows better nor my neighbors. I'm a plain man, as likes everything fair and above board, and is content when I'm well off. What I've got to say to you, ladies and

gentlemen, aint no grumbling nor reflecting upon them as is absent and can't defend themselves. I've got two things to say—first, as I think you haven't been called together not in an open way; and, second, that I think us Salem folks, as ought to know better, is a-quarrelling with our bread-and-butter, and don't know when we're well off!

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen! them's my sentiments! *we don't know when we're well off!* and if we don't mind, we'll find out how matters really is when we've been and disgusted the pastor, and drove him to throw it all up. Such a thing aint uncommon; many and many's the one in our connection as has come out for the ministry, meaning nothing but to stick to it, and has been drove by them as is to be found in every flock—them as is always ready to dictate—to throw it all up. My friends, the pastor as is the subject of this meeting"—here Tozer sank his voice, and looked round with a certain solemnity—"Mr. Vincent, ladies and gentlemen, as has doubled the seat-holders in Salem in six months' work, and, I make bold to say, brought one-half of you as is here to be regular at chapel, and take an interest in the connection—Mr. Vincent, I say, as you're all collected here to knock down in the dark, if so be as you are willing to be dictated to—the same, ladies and gentlemen, as we're a-discussing of to-night—told us all,—it aint so very long ago, in the crowdedest meeting as I ever see, in the biggest public hall in Carlingford—as we weren't keeping up to the standard of the old Nonconformists, nor showing, as we ought, what a voluntary church could do. It aint pleasant to hear of, for us as thinks a deal of ourselves; but that is what the pastor said, and there was not a man as could contradict it. Now, I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, what is the reason? It's all along of this as we're doing to-night. We've got a precious young man, as Mr. Tufton tells you, and a clever young man, as nobody tries for to deny; and there aint a single blessed reason on this earth why he shouldn't go on as he's been a-doing, till, Salem bein' crowded out to the doors (as it's been two Sundays back), we'd have had to build a new chapel, and took a place in our connection as we've never yet took in Carlingford!"

Mr. Tozer paused to wipe his heated fore-

head, and ease his excited bosom with a long breath; his audience paused with him, taking breath with the orator in a slight universal rustle, which is the most genuine applause. The worthy butterman resumed in a lowered and emphatic tone.

"But it aint to be," said Tozer, looking round him with a tragic frown, and shaking his head slowly. "Them as is always a-finding fault, and always a-setting up to dictate, has set their faces again' all that. It's the way of some folks in our connection, ladies and gentlemen; a minister aint to be allowed to go on building up a chapel, and making hisself useful in the world. He aint to be left alone to do his dooty as his best friends approve. He's to be took down out of his pulpit, and took to pieces behind his back, and made a talk and a scandal of to the whole connection! It's not his preaching as he's judged by, nor his dooty to the sick and dyin', nor any of them things as he was called to be pastor for; but it's if he's seen going to one house more nor another, or if he calls often enough on this one or t'other, and goes to all the tea-drinkings. My opinion is," said Tozer, suddenly breaking off into jocularly, "as a young man as maybe isn't a marrying man, and anyhow can't marry more nor one, aint in the safest place at Salem tea-drinkings; but that's neither here nor there. If the ladies haven't no pity, us men can't do nothing in that matter; but what I say is this," continued the butterman, once more becoming solemn; "to go for to judge the pastor of a flock, not by the dooty he does to his flock, but by the times he calls at one house or another, and the way he makes hisself agreeable at one place or another, aint a thing to be done by them as prides themselves on being Christians and Dissenters. It's not like Christians—and if it's like Dissenters the more's the pity. It's mean, that's what it is," cried Tozer, with fine scorn; "it's like a parcel of old women, if the ladies wont mind me saying so. It's beneath us as has liberty of conscience to fight for, and has to set an example before the Church folks as don't know no better. But it's what is done in our connection," added the good deacon with pathos, shaking his forefinger mournfully at the crowd. "When there's a young man as is clever and talented, and fills a chapel, and gives the connection a chance of standing up

in the world as it ought, here's some one as jumps up and says, 'The pastor don't come to see me,' says he—"the pastor don't do his dooty—he aint the man for Salem.' And them as is always in every flock ready to do a mischief, takes it up; and there's talk of a change, and meetings is called, and—here we are! Yes, ladies and gentlemen, here we are! We've called a meeting, all in the dark, and give him no chance of defending hisself; and them as is at the head of this movement is calling upon us to dismiss Mr. Vincent. But let me tell you," continued Tozer, lowering his voice with a dramatic intuition, and shaking his forefinger still more emphatically in the face of the startled audience, "that this aint no question of dismissing Mr. Vincent; it's a matter of disgusting Mr. Vincent, that's what it is—it's a matter of turning another promising young man away from the connection, and driving him to throw it all up. You mark what I say. It's what we're doing most places, us Dissenters; them as is talented and promising, and can get a better living working for the world than working for the chapel, and wont give in to be worried about calling here and calling there—we're a-driving of them out of the connection, that's what we're doing! I could reckon up as many as six or seven as has been drove off already; and I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, what's the good of subscribing and keeping up of colleges and so forth, if that's how your a-going to serve every clever young man as trusts hisself to be your pastor? I'm a man as don't feel no shame to say that the minister, being took up with his family affairs and his studies, has been for weeks as he hasn't crossed my door; but am I that poor-spirited as I would drive away a young man as is one of the best preachers in the connection, because he don't come, not every day, to see me? No, my friends! them as would ever suspect such a thing of me don't know who they're dealing with; and I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, as this is a question as must come home to every one of your bosoms. Them as is so set upon their own way that they can't hear reason—or them as is led away by folks as like to dictate—may give their voice again' the minister, if so be as they think fit; but as for me, and them as stands by me, I aint a-going to give in to no such tyranny! It shall never be said in our

connection as a clever young man was drove away from Carlingford, and I had a part in it. There's the credit o' the denomination to keep up among the Church folks—and there's the chapel to fill, as never had half the sittings let before—and there's Mr. Vincent, as is the cleverest young man I ever see in our pulpit, to be kep' in the connection; and there aint no man living as shall dictate to me or them as stands by me! Them as is content to lose the best preaching within a hundred miles, because the minister don't call on two or three families in Salem, not as often as they would like to see him," said Tozer, with trenchant sarcasm, "can put down their names again' Mr. Vincent; but for me, and them as stands by me, we aint a-going to give in to no such dictation: we aint a-going to set up ourselves against the spread of the Gospel, and the credit o' the connection, and toleration and freedom of conscience, as we're bound to fight for! If the pastor don't make hisself agreeable, I can put up with that—I can; but I aint a-going to see a clever young man drove away from Salem; and the sittings vacant, and the chapel falling to ruin, and the Church folks a-laughing and a-jeering at us, not for all the deacons in the connection, nor any man in Carlingford. And this I say for myself and for all as stands by me!"

The last sentence was lost in thunders of applause. The "Salem folks" stamped with their feet, knocked the floor with their umbrellas, clapped their hands in a *furor* of enthusiasm and sympathy. Their pride was appealed to; nobody could bear the imputation of being numbered among the two or three to whom the minister had not paid sufficient attention. All the adherents of the Pigeon party deserted that luckless family sitting prominent upon their bench, with old Mrs. Tufton at the corner joining as heartily as her overshoes would permit in the general commotion. There they sat, a pale line of faces, separated, by their looks of dismay and irresponsive silence, from the applauding crowd, cruelly identified as "them as is always ready to dictate." The occasion was indeed a grand one, had the leader of the opposition been equal to it; but Mrs. Pigeon only sat and stared at the new turn of affairs with a hysterical smile of spite and disappointment fixed on her face. Before the cheers died away, a young man—one of the young Men's Christian Association con-

nected with Salem—jumped up on a bench in the midst of the assembly, and clinched the speech of Tozer. He told the admiring meeting that he had been brought up in the connection, but had strayed away into carelessness and neglect—and when he went anywhere at all on Sundays, went to church like one of the common multitude, till Mr. Vincent's lecture on Church and State opened his eyes, and brought him to better knowledge. Then came another, and another. Mrs. Vincent, sitting on the back seat with her veil over her face, did not hear what they said. The heroic little soul had broken down, and was lost in silent tears, and utterances in her heart of thanksgiving, deeper than words. No comic aspect of the scene appeared to her; she was not moved by its vulgarity or oddity. It was deliverance and safety to the minister's mother. Her son's honor and his living were alike safe, and his people had stood by Arthur. She sat for some time longer, lost in that haze of comfort and relief, afraid to move lest perhaps something untoward might still occur to change this happy state of affairs—keen to detect any evil symptom, if such should occur, but unable to follow with any exactness the course of those addresses which still continued to be made in her hearing. She was not quite sure, indeed, whether anybody had spoken after Tozer, when, with a step much less firm than on her entrance, she went forth, wiping the tears that blinded her from under her veil, into the darkness and quiet of the street outside. But she knew that "resolutions" of support and sympathy had been carried by acclamation, and that somebody was deputed from the flock to assure the minister of its approval, and to offer him the new lease of popularity thus won for him in Salem. Mrs. Vincent waited to hear no more. She got up softly and went forth on noiseless, weary feet, which faltered, now that her anxiety was over, with fatigue and agitation. Thankful to the bottom of her heart, yet at the same time doubly worn out with that deliverance, confused with the lights, the noises, and the excitement of the scene, and beginning already to take up her other burden, and to wonder by times, waking up with sharp touches of renewed anguish, how she might find Susan, and whether "any change" had appeared in her other child.

It was thus that the great Salem congregational meeting, so renowned in the connection, ended for the minister's mother. She left them still making speeches when she emerged into Grove Street. The political effect of Tozer's address, or the influence which his new doctrine might have on the denomination, did not occur to Mrs. Vincent. She was thinking only of Arthur. Not even the darker human misery by her side had power to break through her preoccupation. How the gentle little woman had shaken off that anxious hand which grasped her old black dress, she never knew herself, nor could any one tell; somehow she had done it: alone, as she entered, she went away again—secret, but not clandestine, under that veil of her widowhood. She put it up from her face when she got into the street, and wiped her tears off with a trembling, joyful hand. She could not see her way clearly for those tears of joy. When they were dried, and the crape shadow put back from her face, Mrs. Vincent looked up Grove Street, where her road lay in the darkness, broken by those flickering lamps. It was a windy night, and Dr. Rider's drag went up past her rapidly, carrying the doctor home from some late visit, and recalling her thoughts to her own patient whom she had left so long. She quickened her tremulous steps as Dr. Rider disappeared in the darkness; but almost before she had got beyond the last echoes of the Salem meeting, that shadow of darker woe and misery than any the poor mother wist of, was again by Mrs. Vincent's side.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"You are not able to walk so fast," said Mrs. Hilyard, coming up to the widow as she crossed over to the darker side of Grove Street, just where the house of the Misses Hemmings turned its lighted staircase-window to the street; "and it will not harm you to let me speak to you. Once you offered me your hand, and would have gone with me. It is a long, long time ago—ages since—but I remember it. I do not come after you for nothing. Let me speak. You said you were a—a minister's wife, and knew human nature," she continued, with a certain pause of reverence, and at the same time a gleam of amusement, varying for a moment the blank and breathless voice in

which she had spoken. "I want your advice."

Mrs. Vincent, who had paused with an uncomfortable sensation of being pursued, recovered herself a little during this address. The minister's mother had no heart to linger and talk to any one at that moment, after all the excitement of the evening, with her fatigued frame and occupied mind; but still she was the minister's mother, as ready and prepared as Arthur himself ought to have been, to hear anything that any of the flock might have to say to her, and to give all the benefit of her experience to anybody connected with Salem who might be in trouble. "I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Vincent; "my daughter is ill—that is why I was making so much haste; but I am sure, if I can be of any use to any member of—I mean to any of my son's friends"—she concluded, rather abruptly. She did not remember much about this woman, who was strangely unlike the other people in Salem. When was that time in which they had met before? The widow's mind had been so swept by the whirlwind of events and emotions, that she remembered only dimly how and where it was she had formerly seen her strange companion.

"Your daughter is ill?" said Mrs. Hilyard; "that is how trouble happens to you. You are a good woman; you don't interfere in God's business; and this is how your trouble comes. You can nurse her, and be about her bed; and when she wakes up, it is to see you and be grateful to you. But *my* child," she said, touching the widow's arm suddenly with her hand, and suppressing painfully a shrill tone of anguish in her voice which would break through, "does not know *me*. She opens her blue eyes—they are not even my eyes—they are Alice's eyes, who has no right to my child—and looks at me as if I were a stranger; and for all this time, since I parted with her, I have not heard—I do not know where she is. Hush, hush, hush! she went on, speaking to herself, "to think that this is me, and that I should break down so at last. A woman has not soul enough to subdue her nerves forever. But this is not what I wanted to say to you. I gave Miss Smith your son's address—"

Having said this, she paused, and looked

anxiously at the widow, who looked at her also in the windy gleams of lamplight with more and more perplexity. "Who is Miss Smith?" asked poor Mrs. Vincent. "Who are—you? Indeed, I am very sorry to seem rude; but my mind has been so much occupied. Arthur, of course, would know if he were here, but Susan's illness has taken up all my thoughts; and—I beg your pardon—she may want me even now," she continued, quickening her steps. Even the courtesy due to one of the flock had a limit; and the minister's mother knew it was necessary not to yield too completely to all the demands that her son's people might make upon her. Was this even one of her son's people? Such persons were unusual in the connection. Mrs. Vincent, all fatigued, excited, and anxious as she was, felt at her wits' end.

"Yes, your son would know if he were here; he has taken my parole and trusted me," said the strange woman; but a woman's parole should not be taken. I try to keep it; but unless they come or I have news—Who am I? I am a woman that was once young and had friends. They married me to a man, who was not a man, but a fine organization capable of pleasures and cruelties. Don't speak. You are very good; you are a minister's wife. You don't know what it is, when one is young and happy, to find out all at once that life means only so much torture and misery, and so many lies, either done by you or borne by you—what does it matter which? My baby came into the world with a haze on her sweet soul because of that discovery. If it had been but her body!" said Mrs. Vincent's strange companion, with bitterness. "A dwarfed creature or deformed, or— But she was beautiful—she *is* beautiful, as pretty as Alice; and if she lives she will be rich. Hush, Hush! you don't know what my fears were," continued Mrs. Hilyard, with a strange humility, once more putting her hand on the widow's arm. "If he could have got possession of her, how could I tell what he might have done?—killed her—but that would have been dangerous; poisoned what little mind she had left—made her like her mother. I stole her away. Long ago, when I thought she might have been safe with you, I meant to have told you. I stole her out of his power. For a little while

she was with me, and he traced us—then I sent the child away. I have not seen her but in glimpses, lest he should find her. It has cost me all I had, and I have lived and worked with my hands," said the needlewoman of Back Grove Street, lifting her thin fingers to the light and looking at them, pathetic vouchers to the truth of her story. "When he drove me desperate," she went on, labouring in vain to conceal the panting, long-drawn breath which impeded her utterance, "you know? I don't talk of that. The child put her arms round that old woman after her mother had saved her. She had not a word, not a word for me, who had done— But it was all for her sake. This is what I have had to suffer. She looked in my face and waved me away from her and said 'Susan, Susan!' Susan meant your daughter—a new friend, a creature whom she had not seen a week before—and no word, no look, no recognition for me.

"Oh, I am very sorry, very sorry!" said Mrs. Vincent, in her turn taking the poor thin hand with an instinct of consolation. Susan's name thus introduced, went to the mother's heart. She could have wept over the other mother thus complaining, moaning out her troubles in her compassionate ear.

"I left them in a safe place. I came home to fall into your son's hands. He might have been sure, had it come to *that*, that no one should have suffered for me," said Mrs. Hilyard, with again a tone of bitterness. "What was my life worth, could any man suppose? And since then I have not heard a word—not a word—whether the child is still where I left her, or whether some of *his* people have found her—or whether she is ill—or whether—I know nothing, nothing! Have a little pity upon me, you innocent woman! I never asked pity, never sought sympathy before; but a woman can never tell what she may be brought to. I am brought down to the lowest depths. I cannot stand upright any longer," she cried, with a wailing sigh. I want somebody—somebody at least to give me a little comfort. Comfort! I remember," she said, with one of those sudden changes of tone which bewildered Mrs. Vincent, "your son once spoke to me of getting comfort from those innocent young sermons of his. He knows a little better now; he does not sail over the surface now as he used to do in

triumph. Life has gone hard with him, as with me and all of us. Tell him, if I get no news I will break my parole. I cannot help myself—a woman's honor is not her word. I told him so. Say to your son——"

"My son? what have you to do with my son?" said Mrs. Vincent, with a sudden pang. The poor mother was but a woman too. She did not understand what this connection was. A worn creature not much younger than herself, what possible tie could bind her to Arthur? The widow, like other women, could believe in any "infatuation" of men; but could not understand any other bond subsisting between these two. The thought went to her heart. Young men had been known before now to be mysteriously attracted by women old, unbeautiful, unlike themselves. Could this be Arthur's fate? Perhaps it was a danger more dismal than that which he had just escaped in Salem. Mrs. Vincent grew sick at heart. She repeated, with an asperity of which her soft voice might have been thought incapable, "What have you to do with my son?"

Mrs. Hilyard made no answer—perhaps she did not hear the question. Her eyes, always restlessly turning from one object to another, had found out, in the lighted street to which they had now come, a belated postman delivering his last letters. She followed him with devouring looks; he went to Vincent's door as they approached, delivered something, and passed on into the darkness with a careless whistle. While Mrs. Vincent watched her companion with doubtful and suspicious looks through the veil which, once more among the lights of Grange Street, the minister's mother had drawn over her face, the unconscious object of her suspicion grasped her arm, and turned to her with beseeching eyes. "It may be news of my child?" she said, with a supplication beyond words. She drew the widow on with the desperation of her anxiety. The little maid had still the letter in her hand when she opened the door. It was not even for Mr. Vincent. It was for the mistress of the house, who had not yet returned from the meeting at Salem. Mrs. Vincent paused upon the threshold, compassionate but determined. She looked at the unhappy woman who stood upon the steps in the light of the lamp, gazing eagerly in at the door, and resolved that she should penetrate no

farther; but even in the height of her determination the widow's heart smote her when she looked at that face, so haggard and worn with passion and anxiety, with its furtive gleaming eyes, and all the dark lines of endurance which were so apparent now, when the tide of emotion had grown too strong to be concealed. "Have you—no—friends in Carlingford?" said the widow with hesitation and involuntary pity. She could not ask her to enter where, perhaps, her presence might be baleful to Arthur; but the little woman's tender heart ached, even in the midst of her severity, for the suffering in that face.

"Nowhere!" said Mrs. Hilyard; then with a gleam out of her eyes which took the place of a smile, "Do not be sorry for me; I want no friends—nobody could share my burden with me, I am going back—home—to Alice. Tell Mr. Vincent; I think something must happen to-night," she added with a slight shiver; "it grows intolerable, beyond bearing. Perhaps by the telegraph—or perhaps— And Miss Smith has this address. I told you my story," she went on, drawing closer, and taking the widow's hand, "that you might have pity on me, and understand—no, not understand; how could she?—but if you were like me, do you think you could sit still in one place, with so much upon your heart? You never could be like me—but if you had lost your child——"

"I did," said Mrs. Vincent, drawing a painful breath at the recollection, and drawn unwittingly by the sight of the terrible anxiety before her into a reciprocation of confidence, "my child who had been in my arms all her life—God gave her back again; and now, while I am speaking, he may be taking her away," said the mother, with a sudden return of all her anxiety. "I cannot do you any good, and Susan may want me: good-night—good-night."

"It was not God who gave her back to you," said Mrs. Hilyard, grasping the widow's hand closer, "it was I—remember it was I. When you think hardly of me, recollect—I did it. She might have been—but I freed her—remember; and if you hear anything, if it were but a whisper, of my child, think of it and have pity on me. You will?—you understand what I say?"

The widow drew away her hand with a

pang of fear. She retreated hurriedly, yet with what dignity she could, calling the little maid to shut the door. When that strange face, all gleaming, haggard, and anxious, was shut out into the night, Mrs. Vincent went up-stairs very hastily, scarcely able to give her alarmed withdrawal the aspect of an orderly retreat. Was this woman mad to whom she had been speaking so calmly? In her agitation she forgot all the precautions with which she had intended to soften to her son the fact of her attendance at that meeting of which he had not even informed her. Pursued by the recollection of that face, she hastened to Arthur, still in her bonnet and veil. He was seated at the table writing as when she left him; but all the minister's self-control could not conceal a certain expectancy and excitement in the eyes which he raised with a flash of eager curiosity to see who it was that thus invaded his solitude. "Mother! where have you been?" he asked, with irritation, when he perceived her. His impatience and anxiety, and the great effort he had made to subdue both, betrayed him into a momentary outburst of annoyance and vexation. "Where have you been?" he repeated, throwing down his pen. "Surely not to this meeting, to compromise me, as if I had not trouble enough already!" This rude accost put her immediate subject out of Mrs. Vincent's mind: she went up to her son with deprecating looks, and put her hand fondly on his head. The tears came into her eyes, not because his words offended or grieved her, but for joy of the good news she had to tell; for the minister's mother was experienced in the ways of man, and knew how many things a woman does for love which she gets no thanks for doing. Her boy's anger did not make her angry, but it drove other matters, less important, out of her head.

"O Arthur, no one saw me," she said: "I had my veil down all the time. How could I help going when I knew of it? I did not tell you—I did not mean you to know; but it was impossible to stay away," cried the widow, perceiving her son's impatience while she explained herself, and growing confused in consequence, "when I heard what was going on. O Arthur, dear, don't look so disturbed; they know better than you imagine—they appreciate you, though they have not the way of showing it. I have

seen things happen so differently, that I know the value of such friends as you have in the flock. O my dear boy, don't look so strange! It has been a great triumph, Arthur. There is a deputation coming to offer you their support and sympathy. All this dreadful business has not harmed you. Thank God for that! I think I shall be able to bear anything now."

The minister got up hastily from his chair, and took refuge on the hearth-rug. He changed color; grew red and grew pale; and by way of escaping from the complication of feelings that moved him, once more broke out into impatient exclamations. "Why did you go? Why did not you tell me you were going?" he said. "Why did you leave Susan, who wanted you? Mother, you will never understand that a man's affairs must not be meddled with!" cried the Nonconformist, with an instinctive effort to conceal the agitation into which this unexpected news threw him. Then he began to pace about the room, exclaiming against the impatience of women, who can never wait for a result. The young man was too proud to acknowledge the state of feverish suspense in which he had been, or the wonderful tumult suddenly produced in his mind. He seized upon this ready safety-valve of irritation, which was half real and half fictitious. It gave him time to collect his troubled thoughts.

"Arthur, dear, hush! no one saw me at the meeting. I had my veil down, and spoke to nobody," said the widow; "and oh! don't you think it was only natural that your mother should be there? No one in the world is so much interested in what concerns you. I spoke to no one—except," said Mrs. Vincent, with a little effort, "that strange woman, Arthur, whom you have had so much to do with. Who is she? O my dear boy, I hope you have not formed any connections that you will repent? She said something about a promise, and having given her word. I don't know why you should have her word, or what she has to do with you. She came here to the door with me to-night."

"Mrs. Hilyard!" cried the minister, suddenly roused. "Mrs. — no matter what her name is. Where is she? Do you mean that she came here? They keep no watch over her. To-night of all nights in the world! If you had but stayed at home, I

should not have known of her wanderings at least," he said, with vexation. "Now I shall have to go and look after her—she must be sent back again—she must not be allowed to escape."

"Is she mad?" said Mrs. Vincent, alarmed, yet relieved. "Don't go away, Arthur; she is not here. She said I was to tell you that she had gone back—to Alice. Who is Alice?—who is this woman? What have you to do with her? O my dear boy, you are a minister, and the world is so ready to make remarks. She said you had her word. O Arthur, I hope it does not mean anything you will live to repent?" cried the anxious mother, fixing her jealous eyes on her son's face. "She is not like you. I cannot tell what you can have to do with such a woman—you who might—" Mrs. Vincent's fright and anxiety exhausted both her language and her breath.

"It does not matter much after all," said the Nonconformist, who had been busy with his own thoughts, and had only half heard his mother's adjurations. "Like me?—what has that to do with the matter? But I dare say she will go back, as she said; and now that he is out of danger, and has not accused her, things must take their chance. Mad? It would not be wonderful if she were mad. I can sympathize with people when they are driven out of their wits. Who is this next? Another messenger from the meeting, or perhaps your deputation? I think I shall go mad after awhile if I get no rest."

But as the minister stood in ill-concealed excitement by the fire, not without expectation that it might be somebody with an official report from Salem, Mr. Vincent's landlady, still in her bonnet and shawl, just returned from the meeting, came in to tell the widow of the approach of the doctor. "He's a-coming directly, ma'am: he's gone in for a minute to Smith's, next door, where they've got the whooping-cough. And O Mr. Vincent," cried the woman, who had made this a pretence to express her sentiments on the more important subject, "if there hasn't a-been a sweet meeting! I'd have giv' a half-year's rent, ma'am, the pastor had been there. All as unanimous and as friendly!—all but them Pigeons, as are the poison of the place; and sweet Miss Phoebe Tozer a-crying of her pretty eyes out; but there

aint no occasion for crying now," said the triumphant landlady, who had a real stake in the matter. At this touch the minister regained his composure. He went back to his seat at the table, and took up the pen he had thrown down. A bishop could not have looked more grandly indifferent than did the Nonconformist as he turned his back upon his anxious partisan. "Tell the doctor to let me know how Susan is, mother, for I am busy to-night," said the young man. "I cannot leave my work just now even for Dr. Rider." He began again to write in the excitement of his mind, and produced a sentence which was not one of the least successful of his sentences, while the two women with a certain awe stood silent behind his chair.

"I will not disturb you any longer, my dear boy. Good-night," said Mrs. Vincent. She went away, followed by the discomfited landlady, who was overwhelmed, and did not know what to make of it. The widow could not but improve such an opportunity. "The minister must not be disturbed in his studies," she said, with importance, and in a whisper as she closed the door. "When he is engaged with a subject, it does not answer to go in upon him and disturb his attention. Neither meetings nor anything else, however important, should interrupt a pastor when he is engaged in composition," said the little woman, grandly. But while the mistress of the house departed to her own quarter much overawed, the minister's mother went to the sick-room with no such composure as she assumed. Something she did not understand was in Arthur's mind. The Salem meeting did not appear to her so conclusive as it had done an hour ago. He was young and high-spirited and proud, and had not that dutiful subjection to the opinions of the flock which became a minister of Salem. What if that visionary horror with which she had frightened Tozer might turn out a real danger? Though she had made such skilful use of it, the possibility she had herself invented had not really alarmed her; but the thought thrilled through her now with a fear which had some remorse in it. She had invoked the ghost, not much believing in any such supernatural climax; but if the apparition really made itself visible, the widow recognized at once her entire want of any power to lay it. She took off her

shawl and bonnet with little comfort in her mind on that subject to support her under the returning pangs of anxiety about Susan, which overwhelmed her again as she opened the door of the sick-room. The two troubles united in her heart and aggravated each other, as with a sick throb of expectation she went in to Susan's bedside. Perhaps there might be "a change"—for better or for worse, something might have happened. The doctor might find something more conclusive to-night in that languid, pallid face. The noiseless room struck her with a chill of misery as she went to her usual place, carrying the active life of pain and a troubled heart into that melancholy atmosphere from which life seemed to have fled. With a faltering voice she spoke to Susan, who showed no signs of hearing her except by a feeble, half-lifting of her heavy eyelids and restless motion of her frame. No change! Never any change! or at least, as the nurse imagined, until— The widow's heart heaved with a silent sob of anguish—anguish sharp and acute as it is when our misery breaks suddenly upon us out of a veil of other thoughts, and we feel it intolerable. This sudden pang convulsed Mrs. Vincent's much-tried heart as she wiped the bitter tears out of her eyes and looked at her child, thus gliding, in a hopeless apathy and unconsciousness, out of the arms that strained themselves in vain to hold her. After so much as she had borne in her troubled life, God knows, it was hard. She did not rebel, but her heart lifted up a bitter cry to the Father in heaven.

It was just then, while her anxious ear caught the step of the doctor on the stair, that Mrs. Vincent was aware also of a carriage driving rapidly up to the door. Pre-occupied as she was, the sound startled her. A passing wonder who it could be, and the vague expectation which influences the mind at the great crises of life, when one feels that anything may happen, moved her dimly as she rose to receive the doctor. Dr. Rider came in with his noiseless step and anxious face; they shook hands with each other mechanically, she gazing at him to see what his opinion was before it could be formed—he looking with solicitous serious eyes on the sick-bed. The light was dim, and Dr. Rider held it up to see his patient. There she lay, moving now and then with the restlessness of weakness, the pale large eyelids half closed,

the pale lips dropping apart,—a solemn, speechless creature, abstracted already out of this world and all its influences. The light that streamed over her for the moment made no difference to Susan. There was nothing here powerful enough to rouse the soul which horror and passion had driven into one terrible corner of memory, obliterating all the rest of her life. Dr. Rider looked at her with eyes in which the impatience of powerless strength overcame even his professional reserve. He wrung the widow's hand, which she laid on his arm in a trembling appeal to him to tell her the worst. "The worst is that she is dying before our eyes, and that she might be saved," he said, leading the poor mother to the other end of the room. "All her heart and soul are concentrated upon that time when she was away from you: unless we can rouse her by something that will recall that time, she will never know you more. Think! is there nothing that would wake her up even to remember the misery she endured? Where is your servant who was with her?—but she has seen her lately, and nothing has come of that. If you have the courage and strength," said the doctor, once more grasping Mrs. Vincent's hand tight, "to talk of that man under the name she knew him by—to talk of him so as perhaps she might hear; to discuss the matter; anything that will recall her mind. Hush! what is that noise down-stairs?"

Even while listening to the doctor's dreadful suggestion, Mrs. Vincent had been aware of the opening of the door down-stairs, and of a sound of voices. She was trembling so that she could scarcely stand, principally, no doubt, on account of this strange demand which he made upon her strength, but with a nervous expectation besides which she could not explain even to herself. But when, out of that confused commotion below, there rose faint but audible the sound of a voice calling "Susan! Susan!" the two anxious people started apart, and turned a wondering momentary gaze upon each other, involuntarily asking what was that? what did it mean? Then the doctor rushed to the door, where the widow followed him as well as her trembling limbs would permit. She saw him dash down-stairs, and herself stood grasping the railing, waiting for what was about to happen, with her

heart so beating and fluttering in her breast that she could scarcely breathe for it. She could make nothing of the rapid interrogation that went on down-stairs. She heard the voice of the doctor in hasty questions, and the slow, agitated, somewhat confused utterance of a strange voice, which appeared to answer him; and once or twice through these sounds, came the strange cry, "Susan! Susan!" which went to the widow's heart. Who could this be that called upon Susan with so pathetic a repetition? It seemed a very long interval to Mrs. Vincent before the doctor re-appeared, and yet so short was the time, that the door by which the new-comers, whoever they were, had entered, was still open, admitting some strange familiar sounds from the street into the bewildering maze of wonder and expectation. Mrs. Vincent held fast by the rails to support herself, when she saw the doctor returning up the stair, leading by the hand a girl whom he grasped fast, and carried along with him by a kind of gentle but strong compulsion. It was she who was calling Susan, gazing round her with large dilated blue eyes, looking everywhere for something she had not yet found. A beautiful girl, more beautiful than anything mortal to the widow's surprised and wondering eyes. Who was she? The face was very young, sadly simple, framed by long curling locks of fair hair, and the broad circle of a large flapping Leghorn hat and blue veil. A bewildered half-recognition came to Mrs. Vincent's mind as this blue veil waved in her face in the wind from the open door; but excitement and anxiety had deprived her of speech: she could ask no questions. "Here is the physician," said Dr. Rider, with a kindred excitement in his voice. He went into the room before her, leading the girl, behind whom there followed slowly a confused and disturbed woman, whose face Mrs. Vincent felt she had seen before. The mother, half jealous in her wonder, pressed in after the doctor to guard her Susan even from experiments of healing. "Doctor, doctor, who is it?" she said. But Dr. Rider held up his hand imperatively to silence her. The room was imperfectly lighted with candles burning dimly, and a faint glow of fire-light. "Susan!" cried the eager child's voice, with a weary echo of longing and disappointment. "Susan!—take me to Su-

san; she is not here." Then Dr. Rider led her round to the bedside, closely followed by the widow, and, lifting a candle, threw its light fully upon the stranger. "Is it Susan?" said the girl. "Will she not speak to me?—is she dead? Susan, O Susan, Susan!" It was an outcry of childish impatience and despair, rising louder than any voice had risen in that room for many a day. Then she burst forth into tears and sobs. "Susan!—she will not speak to me, she will not look at me!" cried the stranger, drawing her arm out of the doctor's hold, and clasping her hands together. There was a slight movement in the bed: not the restless tossing with which her nurse was familiar, but a trembling shiver came over that dying frame. The sound had reached to the dull ears of the patient. She lifted her heavy eyelids, and looked round with half-awakened eyes. "Call her again, again!" said the doctor, in an intense whisper, which seemed to thrill through the room. The girl, who was engaged with a much more engrossing interest of her own, took no notice of the doctor. She knew nothing about Susan's danger—she was bent on gaining succor for herself. "Susan!—tell her to look at me—at me! Susan! I care for nobody but you!" said the lovely, helpless creature, with strange, half-articulate cries, pressing closer to the bed. "You are to take care of me." Mrs. Vincent pressed forward with pangs of anxiety, of terror, of hope, and of a mother's tender jealousy, through all, as these strange entreaties filled the room. She, too, cried aloud, as she perceived the awakening in that pallid face, the faint movement as if to raise herself up, which indicated a conscious effort on the part of Susan. The clouds were breaking on that obscured and hopeless firmament. The light which trembled in the doctor's hand, caught a gleam of understanding and life in Susan's eyes, as her mother flew to raise her up, obeying the suggestion of that un hoped-for movement. "Susan! you said you would take care of me!" cried the young stranger, throwing herself upon the bedside and grasping at the weak arm which once had protected her. The touch of her hands awoke the slumbering soul. Slowly the light grew in Susan's eyes. She who had not moved for days except in the restless tossings of languor, lifted those white feeble

arms to put them round the appealing child. Then Susan struggled up, faint, yet inspired, unconscious of her mother's help that enabled her to do so, and confronted the strange people in her room, whom she had seen for weeks past, but did not know with living eyes. "Nobody shall touch her—we will protect each other," said the voice that had grown strange even to her mother's ears. Mrs. Vincent could hardly be restrained from breaking in with a thousand caresses and outcries of joy and thankfulness. But Dr. Rider quieted the poor mother with a touch of his hand. "Let them alone," he said, with that authority which no one in a sick-room can resist. Mrs. Vincent kept back with unspeakable pangs in her heart, and watched the waking up of that paralyzed life which, alike in its loss and its recovery, had been swept apart from her into another world. Without any help from her mother, without even recognizing her mother or distinguishing her from the strangers round, Susan's soul awoke. She raised herself more and more among those pillows where a little while ago she lay so passively—she opened her eyes fully and looked round upon the man by her bedside, and the other indistinct figures in the room, with a look of resistance and conscious strength. "We will protect each other," said Susan, slowly: "nobody shall harm her—we will keep each other safe." Then, after another interval, other instincts awoke in the reviving soul. She cast a wistful look from one to another, always drawing her faint white arm round the girl who clung to her, and found security in her clasp. "Hush, hush! there are women here," she said in a whisper, and with a tone of strange confusion, light breaking through the darkness. Then there followed a long pause. Dr. Rider stood by the bedside holding up his candle, attracting the wandering, wistful glances of his patient, who ceased to look at him with defiance as her eyes again and again returned to the face, of which, often as it had bent over her, she had no knowledge. All over the unknown room wandered those strange looks, interrogating everything with a wistfulness beyond words. What was this strange, unfamiliar world into which, after her trance of suffering, Susan had awakened? She did not know where she was, nor who the people were who surrounded

her. But the recollection of deadly peril was not more distinct upon her confused mind than was the sentiment of safety, of love, and watchfulness which somehow abode in this strange, dim room, in the little undecipherable circle of faces which surrounded her bed. "Hush!" said Susan again, holding the stranger close. "Here are women—women! nobody will harm us;" then, with a sudden flush over all her face, and cry of joy as the doctor suddenly threw the light full upon Mrs. Vincent, who was bending over her, her mind struggled into possession of itself, "Here is my mother! she has come to take us home!"

Mrs. Vincent remembered nothing more; she did not faint, for her child wanted her—she sat all the night through on the bed, with Susan leaning against her shoulder, clinging to her, holding her fast—starting again and again to make sure that all was safe, and that it was indeed her mother's arms that held her. Her soul was recalled out of that trance of death. They laid the beautiful child upon the sofa in her young guardian's sight, to keep up that happy influence; and when the night was about half spent, the widow, throbbing all over her wearied frame with exhaustion, pain, and joy, perceived that her Susan had fallen deep and sweet asleep, clasping close, as if never again to lose hold of them, her mother's tender hands.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE after-events of the evening naturally lessened, in the minister's family at least, the all-absorbing interest of the meeting at Salem. Even Mr. Vincent's landlady, in her wondering narrative of the scene in the sick-room—which, all Mrs. Vincent's usual decorums being thrust aside by that unexpected occurrence, she had witnessed—forgot the other public event which was of equally great importance. The house was in a state of agitation as great as on Susan's return; and when the exulting doctor, whose experiment had been so rarely successful, turned all superfluous persons out of the sick-room, it fell to Vincent's part to take charge of the perplexed governess, Miss Smith, who stood outside, anxious to offer explanations, a fatigued and harassed, but perfectly virtuous and exemplary woman. Vincent, who had not realized his sister's extreme peril, and

who was rather disconcerted by this fresh invasion of his house, opened the door of his sitting-room for her with more annoyance than hospitality. His own affairs were urgent in his mind. He could not keep his thoughts from dwelling upon Salem and what had occurred there, though no one else thought of it. Had he known the danger in which his sister lay, his heart might have rejected every secondary matter. But the minister did not know that Susan had been sinking into the last apathy when this sudden arrival saved her. He gave Miss Smith the easy-chair by the fire, and listened with an appearance of attention, but with little real understanding, to her lengthy and perplexed story. She was all in a flutter, the good governess said: everything was so mysterious and out of the way, she did not know what to think. Little Alice's mamma, Miss Russell that was, Mrs. Mildmay she meant, had brought the child back to her after that dreadful business at Dover. What was the rights of that business, could Mr. Vincent tell her? Colonel Mildmay was getting better, she knew, and it was not a murder; and she was heart-broken when she heard the trouble poor dear Miss Vincent had got into about it. Well, Alice's mamma brought back the child, and they started with her at once to France. They went up beyond Lyons to the hills, an out-of-the-way little place, but Mrs. Mildmay was always so nervous. "And then she left us, Mr. Vincent," said the afflicted governess, as the minister, in grievous impatience, kept pacing up and down the room thus occupied and taken possession of—"left us without a soul to speak to or a church within reach; and if there is one thing I have more horror of than another for its effect upon the youthful mind, it is Popery, which is so seductive to the imagination. Alice did not take to her mamma, Mr. Vincent. It was natural enough, but it was hard upon Mrs. Mildmay: she never had a good way with children; and from the moment we started till now, it has been impossible to get your sister out of the child's mind. She took a fancy to her the moment she saw her. Girls of that age, if you will not think it strange of me to say so, very often fall in love with a girl older than themselves—quite fall in love, though it is a strange thing to say. Alice would not rest—she gave me no peace.

I wrote to say so, but I think Mrs. Mildmay could not have got my letter. The child would have run away by herself if I had not brought her. Besides," said Miss Smith, apologetically, "the doctors have assured me that, if she ever became much interested in any one, or attached to anybody in particular, she was not to be crossed. It was the best chance for her mind, the doctors said. What could I do? What do you think I could do, Mr. Vincent? I brought her home, for I could not help myself—otherwise she would have run away. She has a very strong will, though she looks so gentle. I hope you will help me to explain the circumstances to Mrs. Mildmay, and how it was I came back without her authority. Don't you think they ought to call in the friends on both sides and come to some arrangement, Mr. Vincent?" said the excellent woman, anxiously. "I know she trusts you very much, and it was she herself who gave me your address."

To this speech Vincent listened with an impatience and restlessness which he found it impossible to conceal. He paced about the darker end of his room, on the other side of that table, where the lamp shone vacantly upon his open desk and scattered papers, answering now and then with a monosyllable of reluctant courtesy, irritated and disturbed beyond expression by the perfectly serious and proper figure seated by the fire. Somebody might come from that assembly which had met to discuss him, and he could not be alone to receive them. In the annoyance of the moment the minister almost chafed at his sister and her concerns. His life was invaded by these women, with their mysteries and agonies. He listened to the steps outside, thinking every moment to hear the steady tramp of the deputation from Salem, or at least Tozer, whom it would have been balm to his mind, in the height of the good man's triumph, to cut short and annihilate. But how do that, or anything else, with this woman seated by his fire explaining her unintelligible affairs? Such was Vincent's state of mind while his mother, in an agony of joy, was hearing from Susan's lips, for the first time, broken explanations of those few days of her life which outbalanced in terrible importance all its preceding years. The minister did not know that his sister's very existence, as well as her reason,

hung upon that un hoped-for opening of her mouth and heart.

Matters were not much mended when Dr. Rider came in, beaming and radiant, full of congratulations. Susan was saved. It was the most curious psychological puzzle, the doctor said; all her life had got concentrated into the few days between her departure from Lonsdale and her arrival at Carlingford. Neither her old existence, nor the objects that surrounded her at the moment, had any significance for Susan; only something that belonged to that wonderful interval in which she had been driven desperate, could win back consciousness to her mind. It was the most singular case he had ever met with; but he knew this was the only way of treating it, and so it had proved. He recognized the girl with the blue veil the moment he saw her—he knew it could be no other. Who was she? Where had she sprung from at that critical moment? where had she been? what was to be done with her? Dr. Rider poured forth his questions like a stream. He was full of professional triumph, not to say natural satisfaction. He could not understand how his patient's brother, at that wonderful crisis, could have a mind pre-occupied or engaged with other things. The doctor turned with lively sympathy and curiosity from the anxious Non-conformist to Miss Smith, who was but too willing to begin all her explanations over again. Dr. Rider, accustomed to hear many personal narratives, collected this story a great deal more clearly than Vincent, who was so much more interested in it, had, with all his opportunities, been able to do. How long the poor minister might have suffered under this conversation, it is impossible to tell. But Mrs. Vincent, in all the agitation of her daughter's deliverance, could not forget the griefs of others. She sent a little message to her son, begging that he would send word of this arrival to "the poor lady." "To let her know—but she must not come here to-night," was the widow's message, who was just then having the room darkened, and everything arranged for the night, if perhaps her child might sleep. This message delivered the minister; it recalled Miss Smith to her duty. She it was who must go and explain everything to her patroness. Dr. Rider, whose much-excited wonder was still further stimulated by hearing that the

child's mother was at Lady Western's, that she was Mrs. Mildmay, and that the Non-conformist was in her confidence, cheerfully undertook to carry the governess in his drag to Grange Lane, not without hopes of further information; and it was now getting late. Miss Smith made Vincent a tremulous courtesy, and held out her hand to him to say good-night. "The doctor will perhaps explain to Mrs. Mildmay why I have left little Alice," said the troubled woman. "I have never left her before since she was intrusted to me—never but when her papa stole her away; and you are a minister, Mr. Vincent—and oh, I hope I am doing quite right, and as Alice's mamma will approve! But if she disapproves I must come back and—"

"They must not be disturbed to-night," said Dr. Rider, promptly; "I will see Mrs. Mildmay." He was not reluctant to see Mrs. Mildmay. The doctor, though he was not a gossip, was not inaccessible to the pleasure of knowing more than anybody else of the complications of this strange business, which still afforded matter of talk to Carlingford. He hurried her away while still the good governess was all in a flutter, and for the first time the minister was left alone. It was with a troubled mind that the young man resumed his seat at his desk. He began to get utterly weary of this business, and all about it. If he could only have swept away in a whirlwind, with his mother and sister, where the name of Mildmay had never been heard of, and where he could forever get rid of that haunting woman with her gleaming eyes, who had pursued even his gentle mother to the door! but this new complication seemed to involve him deeper than ever in those strange bonds. It was with a certain disgust that the minister thought it all over as he sat leaning his head on his hands. His way was dark before him, yet it must speedily be decided. Everything was at a crisis in his excited mind and troubled life—even that strange, lovely child's face, which had roused Susan from her apathy, had its share in the excitement of her brother's thoughts; for it was but another version, with differences, of the face of that other Alice, who all unwittingly had procured for Vincent the sweetest and the hardest hours he had spent in Carlingford. Were they all to pass like a dream—her

smiles, her sweet looks, her kind words, even that magical touch upon his arm, which had once charmed him out of all his troubles? A groan came out of the young man's heart, not loud, but deep, as that thought moved him. The very despair of this love-dream had been more exquisite than any pleasure of his life. Was it all to pass away and be no longer? Life and thought, the actual and the visionary, had both come to a climax, and seemed to stand still, waiting the decision which must be come to that night.

From these musings the entrance of Tozer roused the minister. The excellent butterman came in all flushed and glowing from his success. To him, the meeting, which already the Nonconformist had half lost sight of under the superstructure of subsequent events, had newly concluded, and was the one occurrence of the time. The cheers which had hailed him master of the field were still ringing in Tozer's ears. "I don't deny as I am intoxicated-like," said the excellent deacon; "them cheers was enough to carry any man off his legs, sir, if you'll believe me. We've scattered the enemy, that's what we've been and done, Mr. Vincent. There aint one of them as will dare show face in Salem. We was unanimous, sir—unanimous, that's what we was! I never see such a triumph in our connection. Hurrah! If it warn't miss as is ill, I could give it you all over again, cheers and all."

"I am glad you were pleased," said Vincent, with an effort; "but I will not ask you for such a report of the proceedings."

"Pleased! I'll tell you one thing as I was sorry for, sir," said Tozer, somewhat subdued in his exultation by the pastor's calmness—"I did it for the best; but seeing as things have turned out so well, I am as sorry as I can be—and that is, that you wasn't there. It was from expecting some unpleasantness as I asked you not to come; but things turning out as they did, it would have done your heart good to see 'em, Mr. Vincent. Salem folks has a deal of sense when you put things before them effective. And then you'd only have had to say three words to them on the spur of the moment, and all was settled and done with, and everything put straight; which would have let them settle down steady, sir, at once, and not kept no excitement, as it were, hanging about."

"Yes," said the minister, who was moving about his papers, and did not look up. The butterman began to be alarmed; he grew more and more enthusiastic the less response he met with.

"It's a meeting as will tell in the connection," said Tozer, with unconscious foresight; "a candid mind in a congregation aint so general as you and me would like to see, Mr. Vincent, and it takes a bit of a trial like this, sir, and opposition, to bring out the real attachment as is between a pastor and a flock."

"Yes," said Vincent again. The deacon did not know what to make of the minister. Had he been piqued and angry, Tozer thought he might have known how to manage him, but this coldness was an alarming and mysterious symptom which he was unequal to. In his embarrassment and anxiety the good butterman stumbled upon the very subject from which, had he known the true state of affairs, he would have kept aloof.

"And the meeting as was to be to-morrow night?" said Tozer; "there aint no need for explanations now—a word or two out of the pulpit is all as is wanted, just to say as it's all over, and you're grateful for their attachment, and so forth; you know a deal better, sir, how to do it nor me. And about the meeting as was called for to-morrow night?—me and the missis were thinking, though it's sudden, as it might be turned into a tea-meeting, if you was agreeable, just to make things pleasant; or if that aint according to your fancy, as I'm aware you're not one as likes tea-meetings, we might send round, Mr. Vincent, to all the seat-holders to say as it's given up; I'd do one or the other, if you'd be advised by me."

"Thank you—but I can't do either one or the other," said the Nonconformist. "I would not have asked the people to meet me if I had not had something to say to them—and this night's business, you understand," said Vincent, with a little pride, "has made no difference in me."

"No, sir, no—to be sure not," said the perplexed butterman, much bewildered; "but two meetings on two nights consecutive is running the flock hard, it is. I'd give up to-morrow, Mr. Vincent, if I was you."

To this insinuating address the minister made no answer—he only shook his head. Poor Tozer, out of his exultation, fell again

into the depths. The blow was so unlooked for that it overwhelmed him.

"You'll not go and make no reflections, sir?" said the troubled deacon; "by-gones is by-gones. You'll not bring it up against them, as they didn't show that sympathy they might have done? You'll not make no reference to nobody in particular, Mr. Vincent? When a flock is conscious as they've done their dooty and stood by their pastor, it aint a safe thing, sir, not to turn upon them, and rake up things as is past. If you'll take my advice, sir, as wishes you well, and hasn't no motive but your good, I'd not hold that meeting, Mr. Vincent; or, if you're bent upon it, say the word, and we'll set to work and give 'em a tea-meeting, and make all things comfortable. But if you was prudent, sir, and would go by my advice, one or the other of them two is what I would do."

"Thank you, Tozer, all the same," said Vincent, who, notwithstanding his pre-occupation, saw the good buttermilk's anxiety, and appreciated it. "I know very well that all that is pleasant to-night is owing to you. Don't suppose I don't understand how you've fought for me; but now the business is mine, and I can take no more advice. Think no more of it; you have done all that you could do."

"I have done my humble endeavour, sir, as is my dooty, to keep things straight," said the deacon, doubtfully; and if you'd tell what was in your mind, Mr. Vincent——"

But the young Nonconformist gathered up his papers, closed his desk, and held out his hand to the kind-hearted buttermilk. "My sister has come back almost from the grave to-night," said Vincent; "and we are all, for anything I can see, at the turning-point of our lives. You have done all you can do, and I thank you heartily; but now the business is in my hands."

This was all the satisfaction Tozer got from the minister. He went home much discouraged, not knowing what to make of it, but did not confide his fears even to his wife, hoping that reflection would change the pastor's mind, and resolved to make another effort to-morrow. And so the night fell over the troubled house. In the sick-room a joyful agitation had taken the place of the dark and hopeless calm. Susan, roused to life, lay leaning against her mother, looking

at the child asleep on the sofa by her, unconscious of the long and terrible interval between the danger which that child had shared, and the delicious security to which her mind had all at once awakened. To Susan's consciousness, it appeared as if her mother had suddenly risen out of the mists, and delivered the two helpless creatures who had suffered together. She could not press close enough to this guardian of her life. She held her arms round her, and laid her cheek against the widow's with the dependence of a child upon her mother's bosom. Mrs. Vincent sat upon the bed supporting her, herself supported in her weariness by love and joy, two divine attendants who go but seldom together. The two talked in whispers,—Susan because of her feebleness, the mother in the instinct of caressing tenderness. The poor girl told her story in broken syllables—broken by the widow's kisses and murmurs of sympathy, of wonder and love. Healing breathed upon the stricken mind and feeble frame as the two clung together in the silent night, always with an unspoken reference to the beautiful, forlorn creature on the sofa—that visible symbol of all the terrors and troubles past. "I told her my mother would come to save us," said poor Susan. When she dropped to sleep at last, the mother leant her aching frame upon some pillows, afraid to move, and slept too, supreme protector, in her tender weakness, of these two young lives. As she woke from time to time to see her child sleeping by her side, thoughts of her son's deliverance stole across Mrs. Vincent's mind to sweeten her repose. The watch-light burned dimly in the room, and threw a gigantic shadow of her little figure, half erect on the side of the bed, still in her black gown and the close white cap, which could not be less than dainty in its neatness, even in that vigil, upon the further wall. The widow slept only in snatches, waking often and keeping awake, as people do when they grow old; her thoughts, ever alive and active, varying between her projects for the future, to save Susan from all painful knowledge of her own story, and the thankful recollection of Arthur's rescue from his troubles. From echoes of Tozer's speech, and of the cheers of the flock, her imagination wandered off into calculations of how she could find another place of hab-

itation as pleasant, perhaps, as Lonsdale, and even to the details of her removal from thence, what portions of her furniture she would sell, and which take with her. "For now that Arthur has got out of his troubles, we must not stay to get him into fresh difficulties with his flock," she said to herself, with a momentary ache in her thankful heart; and so dropped asleep for another half-hour, to wake again presently, and enter anew into the whole question. Such was the way in which Mrs. Vincent passed that agitated but joyful night.

In the adjoining room Arthur sat up late over his papers. He was not writing, or doing any work; for hours together he sat leaning his head on his hand, gazing intently at the lamp, which his mother had adjusted, until his eyes were dazzled, and the gloom of the room around became spotted with discs of shade. Was he to permit the natural gratification into which Tozer's success had reluctantly moved him, to alter his resolve? Was he to drop into his old harness and try again? or was he to carry out his purpose in the face of all entreaties and inducements? The natural inclination to adopt the easiest course—and the equally natural, impetuous, youthful impulse to take the leap to which he had made up his mind, and dash forth in the face of his difficulties—gave him abundant occupation for his thoughts as they contended against each other. He sat arguing the question within himself long after his fire had sunk into ashes. When the penetrating cold of the night drove him at last to bed, the question was still dubious. Even in his sleep the uneasy perplexity pursued him;—a matter momentous enough, though nobody but

Tozer—who was as restless as the minister, and disturbed his wife by groans and murmurs, of which, when indignantly woke up to render an account, he could give no explanation—knew or suspected anything. Whether to take up his anchors altogether and launch out upon that sea of life, of which, much as he had discussed it in his sermons, the young Nonconformist knew next to nothing. The widow would not have mused so quietly with her wakeful eyes in the dim room next to him, had she known what discussions were going on in Arthur's mind. As for the congregation of Salem, they slept soundly, with an exhilarating sensation of generosity and goodness,—all except the Pigeons, who were plotting schism, and had already in their eye a vacant Temperance Hall, where a new preaching station might be organized under the auspices of somebody who would rival Vincent. The triumphant majority, however, laughed at the poulterer, and anticipated, with a pleasurable expectation, the meeting of next night, and the relief and delight of the pastor, who would find he had no explanations to make, but only his thanks to render to his generous flock. The good people concluded that they would all stop to shake hands with him after the business was over. "For it's as good as receiving of him again, and giving him the right hand of fellowship," said Mrs. Brown at the Dairy, who was entirely won over to the minister's side. Only Tozer, groaning in his midnight visions, and disturbing the virtuous repose of his wedded partner, suspected the new cloud that hung over Salem. For before morning the minister's mind was finally made up.

A TURKISH GREAT EXHIBITION.—The example of the International Exhibition seems not to have been lost on the Porte. A grand show of native produce and industry has been decided on, and will be held in Stamboul during the coming Ramazan. To secure the successful realization of this idea, special local delegates are to be at once appointed in all the principal districts of the empire, for the collection and classification of samples. These last will be forwarded to the capital free of all custom or other dues, and at the Government expense. As in London, sales of the articles exhibited will be

allowed, and, in the event of their not being so disposed of, the Government will engage to buy all the smaller parcels. Prizes, in money or medals, will also be given to the successful exhibitors. Wholly new though this idea is in the history of Turkish industry, and obviously suggested also by the London enterprise, if intelligently and energetically carried out, it can hardly fail to have the best effect as a stimulant to the agriculturists and manufacturers of the country. The initiative in the matter is, we believe, wholly due to the Grand Vizier.—*Levant Herald*.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOHN WILSON.*

THERE are some men who receive their fame warm from the hearts of their contemporaries, and some to whom it is tardily meted out by the hands of posterity, that slow but certain arbiter of human greatness. It is rarely that the present and the future come to an immediate agreement in such cases; and the greatest of reputations generally suffer a momentary eclipse before their full magnitude is understood and acknowledged. After the personal fascination dies away, it is time to set forth in veritable lines of fact and history the character to which we are inclined to do but scanty justice, because our sires have glorified it so much; and it is perhaps only after the verdict of his contemporaries has been confirmed by their successors, that any man can be considered to have fully achieved his fame.

This final and conclusive decision is now demanded from us in respect to the remarkable man whose name heads this page. John Wilson received the liberal applauses of his generation, during his own lifetime, to an extent rarely equalled. It remains for us now to confirm or to cancel that contemporary fame. What his exact place may come to be when this age, like all that have gone before it, shall have "orbed into its perfect star," we shall not venture to determine; but we are fully assured that his permanent reputation, when he is judged by his works, will not be less than it was when his living influence fascinated all around him. It is unnecessary for any one (and above all for us) to tell the world who and what he was. Perhaps no man of purely literary character ever so thoroughly pervaded his generation. Sir Walter Scott gave to our fathers and the universe the most remarkable and brilliant series of works known to modern times; Wordsworth and his brotherhood gave them a renewed and freshened stream of poetry; but Christopher North gave them their opinions, breathed the breath of life into their private estimate of the national literature, and threw the light of his genius with a lavish hand upon all things, worthy and unworthy, of the passing

day. The veriest tyro in literature has some conception, however slight, of the exuberant, brilliant, irregular, and splendid critic, who threw such a fervor of life and spontaneity into his criticism as to carry that secondary and subordinate craft into the rank of an art. The very fact of this universal knowledge made it harder to write him down in calm portraiture, and disentangle his actual figure from the maze of shining mists in which it was wrapt. But the task has been tenderly and successfully accomplished in the volumes now before us. Mrs. Gordon seems to have spared no pains to make the story of her father's life as complete and perfect as it was in her power to make it. She has investigated the early years in which his genius dawned and his troubles began, and has traced with a touch of love, which is better than art, his progress through all the struggles and honors of his maturer life. The gleam of extravagance which, in the popular imagination, mingled with all the wisdom and the wit of the author of the *Noctes* fades off from the real man as represented in this affectionate biography; where his virtuous and honorable domestic life sets the visionary dissipations of Ambrose's in their true light, and helps the reader to reconcile the tender poetic musings of the "Lights and Shadows" with the wild force and Berserkerrage of the great critic. And we can add no higher applause of a book which records the most stirring doings of a time when men were unscrupulous in speech and dauntless in invective, and of a writer unsurpassed in his powers of slaughter, than to say that no old wounds will sting nor new rancors be awakened, by means of a memoir so temperately and judiciously compiled.

John Wilson was born on the 18th May, 1785, in Paisley, one of the least lovely and least attractive of Scotch towns, yet the birthplace of a sufficient number of notable men to give it a name more enduring than that conferred by its shawls and muslins. He was the son of a man wealthy but undistinguished—born of the fresh soil and vigorous native stock, as men of such exuberant life and mighty frame usually are; and had a mother of the ancient Scotch type, handsome, witty, and imperative, as became the mother of a man of genius. He was the eldest son, and seems to have early become the hero of the family, his childish adven-

* "Christopher North: A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. By his Daughter, Mrs. Gordon. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

tures, drolleries, and wisdoms being laid up among the traditions of the house. At three he ran away from his nurse's custody to fish with a pin in the nearest burn; at five he preached quaint sermons on the duties of parents to the delighted audience in the nursery;—and while he was still of very tender years, was despatched to school at the Manse of the Mearns, an adjacent parish, "wild, pastoral, moorland, and sylvan," where, amid the best and most genial influences, he entered into all the delights of that rural life which he was afterwards to illustrate with so many noble pictures, and from which he was to draw so much inspiration. What he saw and heard among these woods and wastes, his snatches of delight and storms of terror, his fights, his frights, his weapons, and his playfellows—perhaps the most beautiful picture of a schoolboy's experience ever attempted in words—the reader will find recorded in the papers entitled, *Christopher in his Sporting Jacket*.^{*} Nothing could be more exquisite than the landscape and the child, the one completing and elevating the other, which appear in these wonderful sketches, where the student of opinion and public sentiment may trace the first germ of that enthusiasm for athletic sport and open air which has since become a kind of popular gospel, and which the founders of the modern school of Muscular Christianity claim to have first suggested. Mr. Kingsley himself, however, may consent to yield the palm, at once of landscape-painting and life, to the Paisley boy, just escaped from the close enclosure of the little town, whose heart is intoxicated with the very air, and whose long-hoarded recollections rise up with all the radiance of first love, illuminating every tuft of heather on the moor and every stretch of country in the sunshine. Many a deluding line of imaginary autobiography came from the same hand to mystify the public; but there is no mystification possible about the records of that brightest childhood, in which everything is so fresh, so new, so lavish in light and color and happiness.

Vivid, however, as these impressions are, he was only twelve when, with the usual premature transition of Scotch training, he was transferred to Glasgow College—the death of his father forming a point of sepa-

^{*} "Recreations of Christopher North."

ration between the childhood so joyously spent and the youth so precociously begun. In Glasgow he lived with Professor Jardine, the Professor of Logic, where he seems to have early progressed into society, but where he also appears, through the medium of old memorandum-books, in all the virtue and propriety of an exemplary schoolboy, noting down his juvenile expenses and balancing his innocent sixpences with the most laudable exactness. Here his country training and growing strength disclose themselves in records of races and pedestrian feats of various kinds, in boxing matches, and other such vigorous diversions. He fell in love too, as was natural, as he grew older; and wrote and dedicated a volume of poems in manuscript to the Margaret of his thoughts. Of the progress of his studies there is no great evidence, but a token of budding genius, much more characteristic of his future career than any number of verses, appears in the shape of a letter to Wordsworth, written when the young student was but seventeen. It was shortly after the publication of the "Lyrical Ballads," over which so great a storm arose; and, though full of enthusiasm for the poet and his work, reveals the future critic with a most interesting and significant distinctness. Here the Scotch lad addresses, like a young monarch, the great singer, whom he feels himself able to estimate and deliver judgment upon. He is not abashed as he enters the poet's presence, although the name of poet is almost the highest of earthly titles to his youthful eyes; but he is reverent, modest, serious, as becomes one who is profoundly aware of the greatness he approaches, and aware also of his own birthright, which makes his approach natural. Fervent as the praise is, it is not in the mock-heroical strain of ordinary enthusiasm, nor is the young critic afraid to deliver his full opinion. It is thus that he addresses, with youthful composure, the poet over whom all the reviewers of the day were fighting, and who aimed at nothing less than establishing a new poetical creed in the agitated world:—

"But, sir, in my opinion," he says, after various commendations of the loftiest description, "the manner in which you have executed this plan (of the 'Idiot Boy') has frustrated the end you intended to produce by it; the affection of Betty Foy has noth-

ing in it to excite interest. The excessive fondness of the mother disgusts us and prevents us from sympathizing with her. . . . This much I know, that among all the people ever I knew to have read the poem, I never met one who did not rise rather displeased from the perusal of it; and the only cause I could assign for it was the one now mentioned. This inability to receive pleasure from descriptions such as that of the 'Idiot Boy' is, I am convinced, founded upon established feelings of human nature, and the principle of it constitutes, as I dare say you recollect, the leading feature of Smith's 'Theory of Moral Sentiments.' I therefore think that in the choice of this subject you have committed an error. You never deviate from nature; in you that would be impossible; but in this case you have delineated feelings which, though natural, do not please, but which create an intense degree of disgust and contempt. With regard to the manner in which you have executed your plan, I think too great praise cannot be bestowed on your talents. You have most admirably delineated the idiotism of the boy's mind, and the situations in which you place him are perfectly calculated to display it. The various thoughts that pass through the mother's mind are highly descriptive of her foolish fondness, her extravagant fears, and her ardent hopes. The manner in which you show how bodily sufferings are frequently removed by mental anxieties or pleasures, in the description of the case of Betty Foy's female friend, is excessively well managed, and serves to establish a very curious and important truth. In short, everything you proposed to execute has been executed in a most masterly manner. . . . In reading the 'Idiot Boy,' all persons who allow themselves to think must admire your talents, but they regret that they have been so employed, and while they esteem the author, they cannot help being displeased by his performance."

It is pleasant to find that Wordsworth answered this letter fully and in detail, not scrupling to defend himself from the strictures of the young critic, who thus, by a prevision of his natural craft, took up prophetically, for a moment, the mace of literary judgment. But no thoughts of work or needful exertion overshadowed the bright future of the lad, who thus paused, amid all his enjoyments, his leaps, his wrestlings, and his love-makings, to let loose his young opinion. He was heir to "an unencumbered fortune of £50,000;" and had, it is apparent, no very stringent restraint exercised

over him in money matters, or any other. At eighteen, having finished his education at Glasgow, he went to Oxford, and entered at Magdalen College as a gentleman-commoner, in 1803. Unlike the ordinary type of Scotch scholars, bent upon struggling, if possible, to the head of the prize-list in toil and self-denial, he began his career in Oxford with full time and means to perfect his education as he pleased, without any ghost of a profession hanging over his head, and with qualities, both of body and mind—and of body not less than mind—exactly such as were most likely to win applause and a triumphant reception on the banks of the Isis. Very soon thereafter Wilson of Maudlin was known not only to tutors and proctors, but in various other less reputable circles. The young Scotchman conducted himself at the University very much as a Muscular Christian of a high development would be made to do at the present day in the pages of a manly novel. The dauntless lad held the crown of the causeway against all comers. He was "either Wilson or the devil," that oft-used alternative, to the amazed pugilist who found more than his match under the tufted cap which he scorned. That tuft was conspicuous in all the frolics of the time. From the convivialities of the college rooms, where his wit, his eloquence, his learning, and his *imperturbable good-humor*, are chronicled by his ancient companions, to the less dignified supper-tables of the "Angel,"—through all which dissipations his strong head and magnificent healthfulness carried him unharmed,—he was the leader and inspiring influence. He was "the best far leaper of his day in England," as he himself tells us in an after account of one of his great achievements, and was equally distinguished for his pedestrian powers. With all this he seems to have blended an amount of work which carried him brilliantly through his examinations. But this triumphant career was not without its troubles. Things were not going prosperously with the love, of which his biographer has made rather more than seems necessary, by way of giving interest to the scant records of those early years. Various shadows had risen between the lovers, and everything was going wrong as the young man approached the crisis of his university life. Letters of exuberant youthful despair, from those rooms in Maudlin which

must have echoed with so many bursts of mirth, carried thrills of youthful sympathy to his fellow-students of Glasgow, to whom he unfolded the unsmoothness of his course of true love. In such a state of despondency, indeed, was he, we are told, that he walked from his college to the schools on the morning of his examination in "the full conviction that he was to be plucked." "The terror of this examination," writes one of those ministering brethren who had gone to be with him at that grand crisis, "preyed so on his mind, that for ten days before I saw him, he had scarcely slept any night more than an hour or two." The examination turned out, however, "as might naturally be expected," says the same admiring spectator, "the most illustrious within the memory of man. Sotheby was there, and declared it was worth coming from London to hear him translate a Greek chorus. I was exceedingly pleased with Shepherd, his examiner, who seemed highly delighted at having got hold of him, and took much pains to show him off. . . . The mere riddance of that burden which had sat so long on his thoughts was enough to make him dance; but he was also elated with success and applause, and was in very high spirits after it."

Thus the young man, who did not know what moderation meant, veered from utter despondency to the heights of triumph, and putting, as was natural, the darker emotions of his superlative youthfulness on record, has left materials out of which the somewhat embarrassing and indistinct story of prodigious love and incalculable despair, on which Mrs. Gordon lingers with evident pleasure, has been compiled. It could not, however, be a very killing passion which left him free to embellish his life with so many recreations. What with his work, his amusements, and his dissipations, it is safe to believe that the despair of the young hero was more extravagant in words than in reality—especially as there seems no real reason why he might not have had his way had his heart been much set upon it. The entire story, indeed, is so perfectly inconclusive, and without apparent influence upon his life, that it is difficult to account for its introduction at all. Youthful affairs of the heart which come to nothing, are not so uncommon in the experience of ordinary men as to call for mysterious and solemn mention in the life of a man of gen-

ius; and, probably, the best of us have quite as much to answer for in this respect as Wilson, who must have been blameless indeed had but this one episode of sentiment interposed between his boyhood and his marriage. The little romance, however it ended, had come to a conclusion apparently about the time he left Oxford. He was now twenty-two, master of himself and his fortune, evidently freed from all control of guardians, and taking the full benefit of his freedom. When he left the university, he carried his fresh laurels, not to his native country, but to the Lakes, where, doubtless, he was led by a mingling of many motives—the attractions of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Windermere finding efficient seconds in the athletic qualities and customs of the stout Dalesmen, and the fishing and boats of the lakes. There he bought a cottage on the banks of Windermere, and established himself as a resident at Elleray in a manner most characteristic, but strange enough for so young and adventurous a soul. At the present day such a man would rush abroad to kill lions in Africa, or explore unknown continents; or, at least, if he chose the poetic side of life, would find a cot at Posilippo instead of Windermere. But the Continent was closed to pilgrims in those stormy days, and the deserts had not yet come into fashion. The young master of Elleray was of a nature so varied and full that we feel tempted to describe him not as one but two men. On one side a poet full of the most delicate sentiment, almost too much etherealized to retain the necessary hold upon flesh and blood—a dreamer, a visionary, prone to cast the doubtful lights of a fanciful over-refinement upon everything he saw; on the other, a stormy, tempestuous, rejoicing, all-real man, ready to follow the frolic of the moment wherever it might lead him—full of passion, enthusiasm, wild liberality, and license, and much of the despotism natural to so intense a force of life and physical power. Thus he came to Elleray, of all the notable men in these parts one of the most notable, and subsided, to all appearance quietly, in all his mingled maze of thought and action, tender yet violent, visionary yet practical, into the embowered cottage on its tranquil hillside looking over Windermere. Here altogether he lived for about eight years, during which time he matured into

full manhood, married, and made his first publication. This life at Elleray seems the summer of his existence. He was the arbiter of half the wrestling matches in the Dales, the prize-bestower, and, if not a competitor for the same, at least an amateur artist well known and dreaded. He was the most daring and devoted of lake-sailors, maintaining a little fleet on Windermere, sometimes striking forth on a December night upon the stormy water, to lose himself in the storm and fog amid cold so intense that icicles a finger-length hung from his hair and beard. Sports of a still ruder and less excusable description come in to fill up the picture. Nothing, in short, seems to have come amiss to the exuberant life which had so much energy to spare; and when the abounding day and all its occupations were over, the singular duality of the man, who in the sunshine was so riotous and overflowing in action, sent him forth to muse by night in solitary walks, to commune with the hills and stars, and to pour forth his soul in verse, not without a certain gentle beauty, but a thousand times less forcible and individual than the man. At Elleray, with his singular group of neighbors,—“Wordsworth at Rydal, Southey and Coleridge at Keswick, Charles Lloyd at Brathay, Bishop Watson at Calgarth,”—and with so continuous and persistent a manufacture of poetry going on all around, it was impossible that any young man with the Oxford bays still fresh on his brow could resist the temptation of verse-making. The society of poets, no doubt, is a very fine thing and a great privilege, but an alarmed and awe-stricken spectator at this distance may be pardoned for looking back with some horror upon that constant interchange of poetries, which made it unsafe to enter any adjacent house without the chance of having a sonnet levelled at your unsuspecting head, or a volley of blank verse poured down upon you from these ever-charged and double-loaded guns. “The Friend was going on at that time—Coleridge living at Wordsworth’s—Wordsworth making, and reading to us as he made them, the ‘Sonnets to the Tyrolese.’” Neither Wilson nor any man could resist the infection. In a society where every man was a poet, it was inevitable that the first essay of the undeveloped but conscious genius among them should be in the same direction; and, ac-

cordingly, a new voice broke the silence of the hills, and another candidate of the “Lake School” appeared before the public. “*The Isle of Palms*” came forth from the seclusion of the cottage at Elleray while the young writer was still a bridegroom in the first year of his marriage—an adventure put forth with high hopes and with all the self-confidence natural to a follower of Wordsworth—yet still the work of an amateur, happily quite independent of its success or failure. Literature at that time was nothing but the highest and noblest of arts to the happy possessor of Elleray, who, with all his energy and love of sport, does not seem ever to have exceeded the prudent bounds of expenditure. He was independent of everything but that desire of fame which is the prevailing infirmity of noble minds, and, doubtless, apprehended nothing but a higher climax of the happiness he already possessed when he put forth his first literary venture, and gave his name and his productions to the criticism of the public. The public was not unfavorable to the fortunate author, who entered with the fresh eagerness and zest natural to him into this new occupation, impressing his publisher with the necessity of advertising the book, and making all the impatient suggestions of a novice, in order to hasten and secure its success. The success was sufficiently encouraging to prompt him to future exertions; and this new beginning inspired him, apparently still further, with intentions of activity, as he is said to have “come to the resolution of joining the Scottish bar;” but he was still at Elleray when misfortune first fell upon his prosperous life.

Up to this time all had gone well with Wilson. “He seemed to have an intense enjoyment of life,” says De Quincey, in a description of him at this period. “Indeed, being young, rich, healthy, and full of intellectual activity, it could not be very wonderful that he should feel happy and pleased with himself and others.” “He was a fine, gay, grit-hearted fellow,” says a humbler critic, “as strong as a lion, and as lish as a trout, and he had sic antics as niver man had.” The rural life he was leading, full of jovial adventure, sport, and exercise on one hand, and the loftiest of poetic communings on the other, was the life of his choice, and gave full scope to all his powers; and he was now married, with the happiness and

comfort of wife and children dependent on his own. In such circumstances, all at once, without any apparent premonition, ruin fell upon this unsuspecting prosperity. The bulk of his fortune had been left in a commercial undertaking, and by some sudden failure or misfortune of the person to whom it was intrusted, the household of Elleray was thrown at a stroke from wealth to comparative poverty. The blow was overwhelming; and nobody could have wondered had a nature so joyous, undisciplined, and self-willed—up to this time a spoilt child of fortune—given way under it. Such a test few of us, however self-controlled and under rule, could sustain. But the touch of trial, so sharp and sudden, developed at once, in the brave and stout-hearted young man, a strain of profound courage and cheerfulness not often to be found anywhere, and most rare in conjunction with a temper so fiery and sunny. He seems to have received the blow in absolute silence, without a word of complaint or repining—to have accepted and made the best of it at once, as he had hitherto with thankfulness accepted all his good things. No cry breaks from him, even in verse, over the unexpected overthrow—his astonishment, his dismay, his pangs of injury and downfall, if he felt them, never came to any record. He was then about thirty—at an age and in circumstances when it is specially hard to accept humiliation and relinquish pleasure; and it is with amazement, as well as admiration, that we look on and see how this demonstrative, outspoken, immoderate soul, all flushed and radiant with happiness, and unprepared for evil, accepts and endures, with an unexpected nobleness, the novel touch of calamity. It is the first grand point—perhaps, throughout all its varied chapters, the grandest point—in the life of Wilson. He does not even seem to be aware of his own magnanimity, or to see any need for forgiving Providence and mankind in general for the wrong inflicted upon him. Not a word comes from his manful lips—he takes his young wife and his children from the dear Elleray to Edinburgh, to his mother's house, which, doubtless, was very different from that beloved cottage. It is ended and done with forever, that bright and glorious summer life. Henceforward work has to be looked for, has to be attained, not without attendant circumstances, certificates and recommendations, not very

palatable to the pride of a man who has spent the first thirty years of his life in happy independence. But the valiant soul says not a word. He accepts his lot with a cheerful steadfastness, which might seem almost impious to any one bent on improving the occasion. Rich in life and love and genius, the incredible young man raises no wail over the departure of his wealth. That happiness is lost, but not all happiness, or the best—he does not even lay up a grudge in his heart, to be disclosed when he finds utterance. Next time we hear of him, his life is all changed from that of Elleray. No longer the head and master of his own house, he is now under his mother's roof, and comparatively in a secondary position. He has no longer his fleet of boats, his mountains and meres over which to expatiate in glory and in joy, but only the Parliament House, where a rare brief, when he gets one, embarrasses him beyond everything;—all the circumstances of life, it is but too evident, have changed; but no change is apparent in the gallant young man, who confronts his troubles and losses with a smile, and is not afraid to be happy even in the face of poverty. It was but a quiescent and unproductive period, in which he did nothing, notwithstanding necessity, but there is no more admirable chapter in his life.

In the summer after this downfall, he and his wife took a pedestrian tour together through the Highlands—an idyllic journey, wandering by the lochs and hills according to the caprice of the day, resting in Highland cottages—a romantic progress which amazed the Edinburgh world. The briefless young barrister came back in "the highest health and spirits;" and, still idle and happy, though no longer rich, continued to wander and devise wanderings to his heart's content. Already he had formed friendships with some men whose names throw a shadow of coming events upon his careless and joyful path. John Gibson Lockhart had entered the bar shortly after him, and was sometimes his companion in those merry but aimless promenades in the Parliament House; and Hogg, whom he had evidently already begun to *quiz* and play with,—begging him, for example, to recommend to Murray the "City of the Plague," "a bold eulogy" of which from the Shepherd would, as the laughing letter-

writer solemnly pretends, "be of service to me,"—was now among his correspondents. Shortly afterwards he published another volume of poems, which seem, like the first, to have been moderately successful, and which were reviewed favorably by Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review*. Thus the years ran on, spent, it is evident, as much as possible, in truant adventures by flood and fell, fishing excursions, productive of much pleasure and destructive of hosts of trout, but totally without any balance of work to justify the wandering. Letters from Loch Awe, from the dear cottage of Ellaray, from every Highland village he passes on his way, convey the tenderest love and the most careful domestic injunctions to his young wife, who doubtless, with her children in her lap, could not always accompany the erratic progresses of her mate, to whom the streams and lochs were clearly much more congenial than the Parliament House, time and the hour having not yet unfolded the vocation which awaited that dauntless and joyous spirit.

But in the beginning of the year 1817 occurred a memorable event, which is not to be spoken of in these pages without respect and a certain degree of solemnity. In the noble Princes Street of Edinburgh, the main artery of the town, Mr. William Blackwood, the originator of this magazine, a man of rare administrative power and sound judgment, clear-sighted and prescient of the necessities of the time, had established himself as a publisher. The *Edinburgh Review* was then in all its early force, undiminished by time, a triumphant periodical, the beginning of a new era: and the *Quarterly* had also come into existence, a less forcible, but sufficiently promising opponent. Thoughts of a publication akin, yet different, were slowly forming in the mind of our publisher, when he concluded an agreement with two literary gentlemen of moderate contemporary fame, to begin a magazine, of which they should be the joint editors. The experiment was begun in March, 1817, and the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, mildly literary, gently local, amiably free of all personality, entered, like a lamb, the field in which it was shortly to appear as a lion. Sad though it is to confess as much, anything more utterly tame and respectable than the first six numbers of our

venerated and beloved MAGA were never put in print. One of the editors was Thomas Pringle, African Pringle, a name not unknown to fame; the other a Mr. Cleghorn, of whom we know nothing. These excellent men potted through their six months' issue, doubtless much to the impatience of the practical and sagacious intelligence, which saw further than they did, and perceived what might be made of this undeveloped organ which the editors called "our humble miscellany." Mr. Blackwood himself was young, strongly political, and as ready to defy the world and set everybody right, as were the unemployed young wits of the Parliament House, now idling the summer days at Loch Awe, or yawning in Edinburgh over briefs which they could not tell "what the devil they were to do with." The publisher chafed in his office over the dulness of the new periodical, the capabilities of which were so manifest to his mind, but did not scorn to get his hand into practice, and master the details of the new undertaking, to which, in the dearth of other modes of communication between writers and readers, various valuable "Contributors," not unremarked by the wise and clear eyes which bided their time behind, began gradually to drop in. Of these Hogg was one of the first; and the brilliant young advocate, already well known to Edinburgh society, the author of the *Isle of Palms*, the Highland tourist, angler, sportsman, and generally incomprehensible personage, had also made a mild approach to the veiled prophetess, in papers and poems bearing the signature of *Eremus*. Such was the state of affairs until six months had elapsed from the first founding of the new periodical. By that time, happily, the editors and publisher had become mutually disgusted with each other. With a quaint ebullition of literary jealousy, which is amusing enough when we consider the after history of this magazine, "they formally wrote to Mr. Blackwood, letting him know that his interference with their editorial functions could no longer be endured." The consequence was, that the two worthy *litterateurs* were bought off, and relieved of those functions, in which the clear eye of the publisher perceived by intuition a fit field for his own energies; and that in October, 1817, MAGA made a new beginning, dashing

wildly, with shouts of savage glee and frolic, into the astonished world of literature, and celebrating her own new birth and freedom in a furious Bacchic dance of headstrong youthfulness. After the calm respectability of her previous appearance, it is not astonishing that the public should behold, with amaze, consternation, and excitement, the sudden bound upon the stage of this wild and fearless champion. No thought of the consequences troubled the minds of the young writers, all delighted to get utterance for themselves, and a mode in which to deliver their dauntless assault upon the world in general; nor of the young publisher, who stood responsible for any mischief, but who had his full share of the ardor and pugnacity which distinguished the band. They seem to have leaped together by instinct in the immense crisis; and certainly it would be difficult to find any two parties who had more need of each other than had the young, ambitious, enterprising, and practical administrator of literary affairs in Princes Street, who was not himself, in the first instance, an author, though his judgment in literary matters was notably swift, clear, and almost unerring; and the little party of wits then afloat and aimless upon Edinburgh society, who abounded in the necessary power of utterance, but were wasting themselves in Parliament-House jokes and convivial meetings, unaware what use to make of their talents. Great was the fervor of the onslaught with which, when called together suddenly to support the falling banner, the young men rushed into the breach, and throwing prudence to the winds, charged forth in a wild sally upon the spectators, who, doubtless, had come to assist at the burial of the feeble periodical, whose recognized conductors had forsaken it. The sally was wild, furious, and sudden, almost beyond precedent, but it was irresistible. The banner that had been drooping was set up again with shouts, and the public became aware of a new, individual, and remarkable organ of opinion, about the sayings and sentiments of which it was impossible to be indifferent. The whole history of this singular literary phenomenon is interesting. The best account of it, perhaps, is to be gathered from the famous *Chaldee Manuscript*, which appeared in the first number under the new management, and which

set Edinburgh at once by the ears. Through the dim and much-evaporated fun of this notable fable we discern darkly the publisher left with his magazine, courageous but deserted, aiming to make of it a rival to the great neighboring review, which was then triumphant in the world of literature, but provided as yet with no material for his purpose save his own indomitable determination. Then, through the mist of unknown names and persons whom he calls to his aid, appears the Leopard "from the valley of the palm-trees, whose going forth was comely as the greyhound, and his eyes like the lightning of fiery flame," and the "Scorpion which delighteth to sting the faces of men"—emblematical portraits, each drawn, no doubt, by the hand of the other, of the two brilliant young intelligences, Wilson and Lockhart, to whom the call of the forlorn and daring editor opened up a new world. Both of the young men seem to have started to the summons with a perception, if not that their own future lay in it, yet of its wonderful capabilities, and the matchless frolic and delight of such an undertaking. They met together in joyous conclave when the first sound of the call to arms came to their ears; and, assembled in a room in Queen Street in the house of Wilson's mother, read over the first part of this *Chaldee Manuscript*, which had been written by Hogg, and composed the remainder of the same in intermittent bursts of fun and laughter. The ladies in the drawing-room above, Mrs. Gordon tells us, hearing the echoes of merriment below, sent to inquire into the joke, doubtless without getting much satisfaction. So thoroughly did the young writers enjoy their own wit, that—the same authority informs us—Sir William Hamilton, the future philosopher, who had the privilege of adding a strophe to this joyous performance, was so amused that he fell from his chair in a fit of laughter. The fun which was to convulse Edinburgh, convulsed with mirth, in the first place, its own perpetrators, who bore no man any malice, but were bent, with the natural instinct of youthful wits, upon a universal *skrimmage* with the world. Thus inspired, they rushed to the rescue. Number VII. of the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine* blazed upon the firmament as that of BLACKWOOD; and startled Edinburgh fell into such a buzz of

mingled rage, laughter, and interest, that the languid publication was quickened into immediate vigor, and the new era began.

It was thus that Wilson discovered his true vocation in literature, and indeed in the world. He had amused himself up to this period to the top of his bent, and played out his holiday in wealth and poverty with the heartiest enjoyment of the same; but he had not yet found out what he was good for, or how he was to provide for his family and the necessities of life. Doubtless no such idea was in his mind when he rushed into the service of the new periodical. Its pay at first was doubtful, its very existence precarious—nobody knew what was to come of it. Instead of being the prop and pillar of his future life, and the means of his fame, the young poet of the *Isle of Palms* entered upon it in the spirit of a frolic, for present enjoyment more than eventual profit. It is easy enough to conceive how charming to the imagination of the two young, briefless barristers must have been this medium of revenging with lightning touches of ridicule and laughter their youthful wrongs upon the careless and indifferent world. But the new *Blackwood* was built on profounder purposes; and if the young writers were prescient at first of little but fun, a more serious hope moved their director, who stood behind in the quietness of his non-literary but governing character—a man who had in the mean time to bear all the brunt without the sweetness of the fame, and, steadfast in his own project, to go through the ordeal of all sorts of threats, with an energy and resolution of which none of his collaborateurs, however gifted, could have been capable. It was all sport to the gay young genius, who did not fear what he said, secure under the shadow of that "man in plain apparel, whose name was as it had been the color of ebony," and who betrayed no secrets, nor ever dreamt of shifting the responsibility from his own shoulders and purse to those of the real culprit; but it was a more serious matter for the responsible person himself, who had not only to supply all the necessary means for the campaign, but to keep in due order and restraint the fiery Pegasus which he had yoked into his war-chariot, taking heed, with wise discretion, that its extravagance and high blood went only so far as was necessary to give the required impetus, and not

far enough to dash both vehicle and riders into swift destruction. Nowhere more fitly than in discussing the character and history of John Wilson in the pages of this magazine, which William Blackwood founded and wisely guided to the end of his career, could the tribute of justice be paid to the memory of that able and remarkable man. It was he who saw over the heads of his more brilliant associates, and, through all the commotion of their wit, philosophy, and fun, the serious capabilities of a great permanent organ of literary and political opinion such as this which he aimed at establishing: it was he who, through all the caprices of wit and inconstancies of genius, tried by many a harassment and vexation, worried by irregular exertions and intermittent support even on the part of men to whom the public gave much of his share of the praise, still held steadily on—had patience, and waited for the results on which he had calculated. The threats of prosecution and remonstrances of those who thought themselves aggrieved, were a small matter in comparison with the perpetual care and oversight demanded by the ever-recurring monthly publication, which had to be kept up and kept equal at all hazards—a doubly difficult task when the contributors were so few in number, and so utterly daring in style. Mr. Blackwood had the wisdom to see how far it was safe to go in that dashing career, and the weight of character and skill of management which enabled him to tighten his reins and draw up his panting steeds when that delicate point had been reached. The brilliant genius of Wilson would doubtless have found some expression for itself, some time or other in his life, more characteristic than volumes of verse, even if it had never attained the medium of the magazine—though nowhere else could it have gained such free, full, and congenial utterance. But it was not to his splendid and impatient hands that Magdalen owed either her origin or her steady progress. Among many mystifications, the favorite idea of a veiled editor—mysterious, unaccountable personage—pleased the fancy of the public, and perhaps soothed the ruffled feelings now and then of a man of letters, slow to yield to the sceptre of a mere layman and unprofessional person, however potential or wise were the hands that swayed it. But Christopher North himself did not

fail to acknowledge the necessity of this restraint exercised by the real manager of affairs—an admission which we have some pride in making, as a proof that the children of Apollo have still discrimination enough to recognize the administrative and governing faculty wherever it appears, and as ourselves subject, within the bounds of reasonable loyalty, to a similar sway.

It was thus that *Blackwood's Magazine*, of the influence and importance of which from that time to this it does not become us to speak, began its career; and thus, also, the youthful life of John Wilson, so long a merely ornamental romance and sport of existence, quickened into use and service. In a moment, with the rapidity of magic, the idle young advocates, who had been used to lounge out their days together without much notice from the world, found themselves in the novel and delightful position of successful revolutionists who had shaken that same world to its very foundations. Whiggism, which had been paramount in Edinburgh under the autocratic influence of the *Edinburgh Review* sustained a shock which was all the more severe because unexpected, the palm of literary pre-eminence having hitherto, without any controversy, been left in the hands of Jeffrey and his brethren. It is said that, after the publication of that astounding No. VII., which is forever immortal in our records, the streets of Edinburgh bore lively impress of the fray, and that an intelligent observer might have read in the countenances of the passengers the individual politics of each—dismay and vexation being written on all Whiggish features, while an unusual gleam of satisfaction beamed from the visages of the faithful. The young publication went on dauntlessly after this brilliant beginning. "There was hardly a number for many months which did not contain an attack upon somebody," says Mrs. Gordon, with not uncomplacent candor; yet the abuse was but the seasoning which gave piquancy to the more serious mass of brilliant criticism and lively commentary upon books and things. In this early and prehistoric age of *Maga*, it is difficult to distinguish among the mists the two figures which flit around her cradle, or to identify their distinct productions, united as they both were, not only in labor, but in those wild, almost boyish, pranks of mysti-

fication with which they were intent upon bewildering the public, and making their own work feel as much like play as possible. Sometimes it is Wilson, sometimes it is Lockhart, who gleams across the darkened stage in half-recognizable personality; but anon we are lost in a host of imaginary contributors—German doctors and barons, Irish soldiers, English scholars, every kind of disguise which could be lightly glided off and on by the joyous masquers who took so thorough a delight in their work. Nor were those mischievous plotters content with raising up fictitious personages upon whom to lay the burden of their own exuberant tide of composition. A still more wicked will remained. They signed respectable names of dull but well-known men to their own wild effusions, and conferred a sudden literary reputation upon worthy persons in Glasgow and elsewhere, to whom a pen was an incomprehensible weapon. Never was work treating of serious matters, and founded on substantial ground of payment and reward, conducted so much like a frolic; and the principal actors in this strange maze of wit and confusion found, as their work proceeded, a new interest and zest in life.

The history of John Wilson had now reached to that moment of "tide in the affairs of men" which was decisive of his entire life. The gay marauder on Highland stream and Westmoreland hillside, had at last, like others, settled to that inevitable toil which is the lot of most men, but which he had hitherto eluded with wonderful ingenuity. The brilliant apprenticeship of the magazine, bringing its immediate reward, as periodical writing has the advantage of doing, was as easy and pleasant an entrance into the active labors of life as any man could desire; and, full as it was of exciting and exhilarating circumstances, wooed the young advocate by degrees into habits of work, and that consciousness of the necessities of ordinary existence which hitherto does not seem to have moved him very deeply. Two years have not elapsed before we find him making a distinct independent movement into his own house, and erecting again the household gods which, since the days of Ellera, had sunk into secondary deities in his mother's overflowing household. This new beginning was made in Anne Street, a quiet little suburban street, where, as Mrs.

Gordon informs us, her father found "a pleasant little community that made residence there far from distasteful." The family had increased and multiplied, and there were now five children to fill the little house. In the poet's "ledger," where he put down stray verses and all kinds of literary memoranda, there is "a page taken up with an estimate of the cost of furniture for dining-room, sitting-room, nursery, servants' room, and kitchen; making up a total of £195, with the triumphant query at the end, in a bold hand, 'Could it be less?'" Thus once more established under his own roof, with due occupation for his talents and an agreeable society round him, Wilson seems to have composed his life into habits of a more domestic and less roving kind. He no longer wanders abroad in search of adventure over flood and fell, but is visible for a year or two in his own place, finding apparently excitement enough in the warfare and knight-errantry of his new profession. He never appears to have entertained any real intention of seeking his fortune at the bar; but having lightly fallen upon a trade, like a child of fortune as he was, which lured him on, by mingled pleasure and praise, into paths of severer duty and harder labor, soon came to think of a more steady and permanent occupation, when the chance of such opened before him. This was in the beginning of 1820, rather more than two years after his triumphant entry into literature, when the Chair of Moral Philosophy became vacant in the University of Edinburgh. Though his reputation hitherto had been that of a professor of the lighter arts of poetry and criticism, the attractions of divine philosophy seem always to have exercised a great power over Wilson, and he lost no time in announcing himself as a candidate for this chair. His principal opponent was Sir William Hamilton, one of his own intimate friends and close associates, and upon the surface a more likely pretender to such an office than the brilliant writer whose occupations had been so discursive and varied, and whose claims upon that very society in Edinburgh, which he had now to canvass for its favor and patronage, were those of a satirist and reviewer, rather than of a philosopher. The appointment was in the hands of the Town Council, and its members had to be individually approached and concili-

ated. Difficult enough, however, as it might have been under any circumstances for these excellent functionaries to decide between the rival claims of two candidates so distinguished, yet so different, the prevailing spirit of the time at once complicated and simplified the conflict, by importing into this, as into every other question, the ceaseless clamor of politics. Hamilton was a Whig, Wilson a Tory of the Tories, a fore-rank man in his party, and of no unknown might in the din of battle. All the ancient strength of the Whiggish capital gathered to the combat, while on the other side "Mr. Wilson was assured of all the support that Government could give," and had at his back all the forces of his political allies. To the present generation, which knows the author of the *Isle of Palms* chiefly under his long-established title as Professor Wilson, it is strange to look back upon that furious contest, and see how the shafts hurtle through the darkening atmosphere, and how the dust of the battle eddies about that peaceable Philosophy Chair, in which, when we first learned to know his name, he had been seated, as one could have imagined, for a lifetime. No election for a borough was ever more furiously contested, nor popular parliamentary candidate assailed more lustily. His testimonials and recommendations might indeed be all that could be desired, and nobody might be able to deny his genius; but more important matters lay behind, and the liberal and enlightened Whig party of 1820 could be puritanic when that served their purpose, and were not slow of retaliating upon the critic, who had not certainly spared them. Such a blessed opportunity of administering the *Tu quoque* was not to be lost. The supporters of his rival—whose private friendship with Wilson was undisturbed, it is pleasant to know, by all this hubbub—threw back in the teeth of the censor of *Blackwood* the dire accusation of infidel and libertine. Judging by the recriminations of the period, one is driven to believe that the highest ambition of a good political partisan in those days must have been to prove, not his adversary's position false, but his adversary's character vile, and his life a heap of depravity. Though nothing was to be said against the unquestionable powers of the young philosopher, an effective diversion was yet possible in the

shape of an assault on his morality. The *Scotsman*, then, as now, one of the ablest and most influential of Scotch newspapers, made a solemn and affecting appeal to its dear bailies in a voice which trembled with the conscious pathos of its own fine adjurations. "We call upon those members of Council who are fathers of families; who respect the oaths they have taken; who have some regard for religion, morals, and decency," says this high-toned and virtuous journal; "we put it to them how they can justify it to their conscience, their country, and their God, to select him as the man to fill the Chair of Moral Philosophy, and to confide to him the taste, the morals, and the characters of the rising generation." Such an appeal could not be without a certain effect upon the tremulous municipal mind—and the result in the first place was, that Wilson naturally indignant at the false accusations thus brought against him, was driven to the strange and painful necessity of writing to his private friends to ask their testimony in respect to his character, and to request from them such an estimate of his household virtues as might be sufficient to place that perfectly unexceptionable aspect of his life in its true light. He wrote to the clergyman at Windermere who had officiated at his marriage, and to such a half-domestic, half-public authority as Mrs. Grant of Laggan, then one of the centres of society in Edinburgh, asking them to tell his assailants what they, a priest and a woman, thought of the husband of that "elegant and delicate young Englishwoman," who had not feared to wander over hill and dale with him who was now accused of neglecting and wronging her and her children. Of all points, indeed, at which he could have been assailed, this seems to have been the least vulnerable. Hard and mortifying as it must have been to his high and impatient spirit to ask for such commendations, he was now sufficiently bent upon attaining his end to submit to the necessity; his friends bore their testimony with effusive and indignant affectionateness; and having at last failed even to prove the favorite stigma of the time, that their brilliant opponent was an infidel, the Whig opposition succumbed, and Wilson won the day.

The vexatious and ungenerous strife did not end with the election. A certain Dea-

con Paterson raised a protest against it at the next meeting of the Town Council, where he is said to have made his appearance with "a bag full of charges," but was summarily put down by the assembled dignitaries, who had elected the Tory candidate by a majority of twelve votes. Another still more shabby and paltry attempt to disturb the new professor followed, when he delivered his first lecture. "There was a furious bitterness of feeling against him," says an eye-witness, quoted by Mrs. Gordon, "among the classes, of which probably most of his pupils would consist; and although I had no prospect of being among them, I went to his first lecture, prepared to join in a cabal which, I understood, was formed to put him down. The lecture-room was crowded to the ceiling. The professor entered with a bold step amid profound silence. Every one expected some deprecatory or propitiatory introduction of himself and his subject, upon which the mass was to divide against him, reason or no reason; but he began in a voice of thunder right *into the matter* of the lecture, kept up unflinchingly and unhesitatingly without a pause. Not a word, not a murmur escaped his captivated, I ought to say his conquered, audience, and at the end they gave him a right-down unanimous burst of applause." When the legitimate hour which belonged to the new professor was exhausted, Anatomical Monro, austere and abstract, with no human sympathy in him for the first lecture and the special circumstances, stalked into the room, in which he himself was to succeed the present occupant, and, ruthlessly breaking in upon the address, pointed to his watch to show that his own hour had arrived. "My students are at the door, and you must conclude," said the inhuman anatomist; but was immediately silenced by the renewed applause of the students, amid which the new orator made a triumphant conclusion. It was thus that Wilson made his first entry into the chair which he was to fill so long, and in which he was to hold so genial a sway over generations of eager and enthusiastic hearts.

His success, however, was immediate and unquestionable, to the conviction of both friends and foes; and even his newspaper assailants, Mrs. Gordon says, condescended to admit that, if he continued to do well, his

past delinquencies might be forgiven him. It is an interesting period of the new professor's history: Wilson seems to have taken the tempest with manful composure and steadiness, standing to his arms with an amount of calm amid all the stinging shower of projectiles that flew around him, which could scarcely have been expected of his fiery nature. And when the smoke of the conflict clears off, the many-sided man gleams upon us in a new aspect, shutting himself up, apart from all the recreations and delights in which his life had hitherto abounded, in a room "literally filled" with books, devoting himself, with a closeness of application of which up to this time he had shown few symptoms, to the new work on which he had entered. The dreaming poet has had his day, and may have it again; so has the open-air Dalesman, with all his mighty muscles still in their grandest development; and so even has the critic, absolute and dauntless, without a scruple or compunction; but here, in the mean time, is a philosopher—grave, conscientious, anxious—taking counsel with books and friends, without apparently a thought in his mind but how to fulfil this new duty, and hold his post with honesty and honor. To turn away from all those vulgar contentions, the slanders of enemies and formal testimonials of friends, the vexations and vicissitudes of the contest, and the agitated and unreasonable crowd which has fought over this question without any knowledge worth mentioning of the real point at issue—and, subsiding into the quiet little house in Anne Street, among the early summer trees, to look over his great shoulder and find the new professor pouring forth his anxious soul to his dearest old friend, Dr. Blair, and recommending to the consideration of the helper upon whose judgment he has so much reliance, the plan he has formed for his untried work, and the system which suggests itself to his own intent and concentrated thoughts—is a contrast as remarkable and interesting as can be imagined. Of all the letters printed in these volumes, there are perhaps none which reveal the writer in an aspect so noble as those letters to Dr. Blair. Here it is a man, already known to fame, the victor of a hard contest, the winner of many laurels, who comes, with an earnestness much too real to admit of any attitudinizing, to the oracle which he has

elected for himself in the person of his friend, a man totally unknown to the world: and, entering into all his plans and thoughts in detail, craves advice, guidance, instruction, with utter simplicity and confidence. It is thus that Mrs. Gordon describes one of the letters of this remarkable correspondence:—

"Of all the friends to whom he applied for counsel in this time of anxiety, there was none on whom he so implicitly relied, or who was so able to assist him, as Alexander Blair. To him he unbosomed himself in all the confidence of friendship, and in several long and elaborate letters—too long to be given entire—entered minutely into his plans for the course, asking for advice and suggestions with the eagerness and humility of a pupil to his master. He gives a list of the books he has got, and asks his friend to tell him what others he should have—what he thinks of this and that theory—how many lectures there should be on this topic and on that. He sketches his own plan—how he is to commence with some attractive and eloquent introductory lectures, 'of a popular though philosophical kind,' so as to make a good impression at first on his students, and also on the public. Then he proposes to give eight or ten lectures on the moral systems of ancient Greece, which Sir Walter Scott approves, and which he hopes Blair will also approve of. Then will commence his own course in right earnest: six or more lectures on the physical nature of man—then twelve more, 'though for no cause known,' on the intellectual powers. On this he wishes to have Blair's opinion, for at present he sees nothing for it but to tread in the steps of Reid and Stewart—'which to avoid would be of great importance.' . . . Then might come some lectures on taste and genius before coming to the moral being. Let Blair consider the subject. That brings us up to forty lectures. Then comes the moral nature—the affections and conscience, or 'whatever name that faculty may be called.' Here seems fine ground for descriptions of the operations of the passions and affections, and all concerned with them. . . . Then comes the will and all its problems, requiring at least six lectures. 'But here I am also in the dark.' The rest of the course will embrace fifty lectures respecting the duties of the human being. 'I would fain hope that something very different from the common metaphysical lectures will produce itself out of this plan.' He will read on and 'attend most religiously to the suggestions' of his friend. Let his friend meantime consider everything, and remember how short the time is. . . . The letter ends that day with a 'God bless you!'"

It is this variety of character, always unfolding new aspects and opening up unthought-of powers, which is the great charm of Wilson's mind. Whatever he may happen to be for the moment, he is so entirely, that, a superficial observer is tempted to believe that only must be his chief inspiration. But in the twinkling of an eye the scene changes, and the same picturesque and noble figure gleams round, like a many-lighted lantern, in a new colour and altered radiance. So quick is the transition that the spectator is puzzled, and hesitates what to make of the brilliant improvisatore who extemporizes not only a new language but a new being at every turn. From poetry to prose, from sentiment to satire, from the most joyous of all idle lives to sudden Hercules-efforts of toil, he flashes upon us in revolving circles, ever brighter and more vivid than before, as though under his own belt he carried a hundred men. A greater difference could scarcely be conceived than between that jovial wanderer, ever ready for sport or frolic, who comes into the little Highland inn all laden with silvery spoils from loch and river, and this serious scholar among his books, working out with brilliant and rapid genius, but with steady labour as well, his first course of lectures. Instead of finding comparisons for him among the men of his time, it is only with himself that we can compare and contrast this manifold and multifarious soul. The life and force, the endless tide of vital energy and superb human strength which courses through his great veins, flow over upon everything he touches. All Edinburgh gleams alight with him as he goes about the streets; and where he stands, in the Chair of the Professor, in the Sanctum of Princes Street, and, still more, in the Ambrosian parlor, is about to become a luminous spot over half the world. The light is but at the dawning when he sits thus in his suburban retirement, making out his lectures, anxious yet for the position which he has won after so hard a fight. His whole career lies unrevealed before him in that green seclusion of Anne Street, where he works among his books, unaware as yet that not the noble firth, gleaming almost before his eyes, nor the lion-hill behind, will one

day be more identified with Edinburgh than his own grand person and familiar fame. It is the beginning of his public life, and he stands on the eve of all his triumphs. Behind him lies as happy, yet as hard, a probation as often falls to the lot of man; years of sunshine dazzling and effulgent, barred with sudden breaks of shadow. Already, in the early play of his powers, reputation and influence have come to him, more in sport and by chance than from purpose or toil. Now he stands on the height of the arch of his life, and, breathing hard after the stings of that last sharp stretch of ascent, surveys the campaign before him, most likely as little aware of what was in it as any other mortal. He is not thinking of literature, he is thinking of his lectures. The young professor, in whom only half of his encircling world believes, has that burden on his mind, in the first place to make sure provision for the wants of his post; and, thereafter, what pleases Providence. For Christopher North has not been revealed yet out of the mirthful skies; summer days only, and gay hours of the youthful twilight, but as yet no *Noctes* have educed their bright impressions out of that glowing, impetuous, and sunshiny soul. His fame and his work lie still before him, casting uncertain shadows upon the sanguine firmament. Space and time forbid us here to enter into the brilliant perspective. Let us leave him for the moment at this natural period. For the first time, and with a novel sound, his name has become dignified into that of Professor Wilson. And there he sits, with his piled-up books, noting down the rapid suggestions of his genius for calm examination and arrangement, and inviting his friend to enter into those open and candid chambers of his thoughts to supervise and regulate the process. We could not pause upon a picture more full of truth and meaning. When we open the record again it will be upon a fuller light and a more animated foreground. Let us leave our hero in the mean time in his study, consulting with anxious simplicity, and trusting with the confidence of a child in the final judgment of his early companion. It was thus that the new professor began the serious business of his life.

From The Spectator, 6 Dec.

THE FAILURES OF FRENCH DIPLOMACY.

THE Ides of March have passed, and the Cæsar is still alive. It is said that the Emperor of the French, moved by one of those currents of superstition which affect men who have gone through strange careers, regarded this 2d of December, the tenth anniversary of the *coup d'état*, with a peculiar dread. The thought was a somewhat strange one, for the 2d of December has hitherto brought him fortune; and even he, with all his superb self-confidence, can scarcely believe that the day of his death will be one of his lucky days! Still it was entertained, and was, in part, perhaps, justified by the new activity perceptible in all ranks of the opposition, and the rapid increase of the always numerous conspiracies with which, to employ a bold figure, his throne is honey-combed. Patient observers, as indifferent as Arthur Young when he predicted the fall of the Bourbons, do not doubt that the discontent of France has, within the last few months, spread wider and deeper, and extended to classes usually as careless of politics as they are hostile to Red opinions. There is dissatisfaction among the *bourgeoisie*, hitherto willing to pardon all things to the "saviour of society," and low murmurs among the army which serves as the real, though well-concealed basis of the imperial power. Neither of these probably ever heard of the Ides of March, or have the faintest belief in anything save money and steel; yet the fear of an approaching catastrophe, of some tremendous event which should shake society, was so widely diffused as to extort from the *Times* a strange article, announcing, with a plainness surely unnecessary, that England would greatly disapprove the emperor's assassination!

There are reasons for this agitation other than the predictions of Mr. Home. French society is disturbed because the reward to secure which it endures a despotic *régime* seems to be eluding its grasp. For the last hundred years the people of France, amidst never-ending mutations of opinion, have demanded of their rulers one of two things, progress at home, or a grand *prestige* abroad. Louis the Sixteenth fell because he was unable to secure either. Napoleon gave his people the second without measure or stint, and till his eagles faltered was absolute master of France, and, defeated, left behind him a memory which again raised his dynasty to the throne; Charles the Tenth refused both, and fell; Louis Philippe stole away liberty, restricted progress, allowed external influence to slip completely out of his grasp, and slunk away out of France. The republic promised no glory, and gave no assurance of progress, and when Louis Napoleon seized

the throne, he, understanding alike his epoch and his people, pledged himself to save society, i.e., *bourgeois* prosperity, and sweep away the treaties of 1815. Hitherto he has kept his word. Amid much oppression and an almost total extinction of the freedom of speech and debate, the French have been enriched with the wealth which springs of order, and gratified with the *prestige* which follows successful power. The treaties of 1815 have been torn up at the point of the sword. The Frenchmen who mourned over the torpor of the press and the catalepsy of the tribune still found consolation in the idea that France was, abroad, the accepted leader of Europe. She had humbled Russia; she had enfranchised Italy; she had avenged Europe in China; she had gone forth to revive the dying civilization of Mexico. Everywhere she appeared as the armed champion of progress and nationality, without whose initiative the world held back in fear, and without whose consent no first-class experiment could be tried. Whatever the squalor at home the *rôle* before the footlights was grand, and France, essentially theatrical, forgave the unwashed chemise to which she was condemned indoors, for the sake of the queenly robe in which out of them all her parts were played.

A cold fear chills, for the moment, the pleasant warmth of habitual vanity. What if the part played by France were not really so great as she had been led to suppose—if her detested rival, though stripped of all spangles and forbidden a train, were acting the character on which genius had expended its strength? The empire is as strong as ever, but it has met, of late, some exceedingly rude rebuffs. There is Italy, for whose sake the emperor has expended so many lives not his own, and so much treasure of which he was only the elected custodian—is France all-powerful there? Italy, say French politicians, almost sullenly, it would seem reverences England more than France; consults Sir James Hudson when M. Benedetti is civilly put aside, upholds English ideas of parliamentary government and order, thanks Earl Russell with statuary for his cordial support, and finally overthrows the special French nominee. French opinion, always somewhat diseased upon that point, regards the struggle at Turin—a struggle which is entirely one between the people and the king's favorite—as mainly a contest between the friends of England and France. The helpless fall of Rattazzi, known to be devoted to France, strikes Frenchmen as a proof that Napoleonic diplomacy, with all its material power, still weakens French hold over nations. If Italy, in her wise national selfishness, should deem the unbought friendship of England as valuable as the purchased

"ideas" of France, then must the Italian policy of three years be pronounced a patent and costly failure. Then there is the frontier of the Rhine. Napoleon has helped, no doubt, to place the Prussian king in antagonism with his people; but the new premier, though absolutist, is still intensely German; and as for the monarch, he wanted part of the refused budget to expend on a complete repair of the fortifications of Magdeburg. Again, the greatest event of the last ten years is the civil war, which for eighteen months has threatened the dismemberment of the United States. France in that, as in every other quarrel, must assume the leading position, and the emperor consequently recommended England and Russia to join him in a project of menacing mediation. English statesmen, well aware that mediation means intervention, that intervention is costly, and that the English working-class, enlightened by emigrants' letters, is very strongly Northern in sympathy, declined the specious proposal. The French Government therefore remains, in American politics, alone, with no alliance to offer to the South, except at the cost of a war, and with their old and natural alliance with the North embarrassed or broken up. France seems in America also not to be the first power in the world. Scarcely has this negotiation been commenced, when a revolution breaks out in Greece. The Greek throne becomes vacant, and once more French diplomacy has a magnificent field. The French people is really interested in the so-called Eastern question, for that question involves the possession of Syria, and the sentiment which evoked the Crusades—dead everywhere else—exists in France as a living power. The people care about Jerusalem more than they do about Rome. To seat a French nominee on the throne of Greece would almost secure Syria, and by rare good fortune the chosen French nominee was also the favorite at St. Petersburg. The Greeks could never resist at once both Russia and France, and the election of the Duc de Leuchtenberg was regarded as almost certain, when again French diplomacy failed. The whole Greek nation, unmoved by English intrigues, unsolicited by English ministers, has pronounced emphatically that the next King of the Greeks shall be an English prince. The failure is the more humiliating, because, in spite of angry remarks, its causes are thoroughly understood. The French, more than any other people on earth, appreciate the power of ideas, know how powerless intrigues become when addressed to men governed by a great thought; and they feel that it is English ideas, not English bayonets, which have secured their defeat. The country which reverences order but maintains liberty,

strives for peace, yet is ready for war, which above all upholds unflinchingly the true popular creed, the right of every people to govern itself—this is the country which Greece, as well as Italy, thinks it worth while to imitate and to secure. The reflection is galling to men who feel that, but for Napoleon, France might again take her natural post as the leader of continental ideas; and who, to do them justice, believe that distinction one of the few which are nobler than the lead in diplomacy or victory on the field. France, it would seem, in Greece also, is not the first power in the world.

Lastly, throughout these events, running alongside them all, is the history of the Mexican expedition. Frenchmen never approved that dreamy project, for the conquest of vast deserts ravaged by the *comito* never seemed to them worth the risk of a conflict with North America. Still the expedition sailed, and in a few weeks broke down. The deserts were worse than expected, the Mexicans more hostile than was anticipated. Nobody but an intrigant and a bandit joined France, and a French army was reduced to fortify itself on a plain in order to avoid a surrender. Defeat is impossible to Napoleon, and the army, at huge expense, was increased tenfold; and after a delay very fatal to the French notion of glory,—which, like an Englishman's passion for wealth, includes speedy possession—the new host arrived, only to march on the capital at the rate of a league a day. Nobody except the emperor knows precisely what has gone wrong in Mexico, but the fact is sufficiently patent that after eight months of effort an Indian, backed by a half-disciplined army of half-castes, succeeds in setting a general of France and a French *corps d'armée* at open defiance. The hearts of Frenchmen grow sore as they reflect on these things, and like Italians when it refuses to rain, they are ready to turn on the idol who has received so many offerings and yet refuses the price.

Do we, therefore, consider the empire in serious danger? Not so. It might be with an inferior man on the throne, or the same man grown old; but Napoleon the Third, indolent, self-confident, and wearied as he may be, is still the most astute and energetic of living rulers. He will detect, if he has not already detected, the cause of the dissatisfaction of France, and the brain which has never failed him yet will aid him once again. It is not an *émeute* we fear for France, but the proved necessity for achieving some new and striking success. The emperor must do something, and the something must impose on the world. He cannot well undo Italy, for Orsini is not forgotten; and, unless hopelessly embarrassed, he will scarcely select the one power which can

face him on equal terms. Events are not ripe for a German campaign, lesser expeditions promise no glory, and the dream of reorganizing Spanish America does not attract his people. He must discover an object great enough to flatter France, yet in which England has no interest to interfere, and in which the absence of his army in Mexico will not be an embarrassment, and the only quarter in which such an object is visible is the American Civil War. An armed mediation would enable him to release the cotton his people need and the tobacco necessary to his revenue, would afford him the pretext required for retreating from Mexico, perhaps over a golden bridge constructed both by Juarez and the South, and enable him once more to stand forward before the French nation in the only position which makes him safe—the arbiter of a continent.

From The Economist, 6 Dec.

THE DEFECT OF AMERICA.

PRESIDENTIAL AND MINISTERIAL GOVERNMENTS COMPARED.

THE American Revolution has been considered excessively in various aspects, but there is one aspect in which it has not been sufficiently considered. The South have adopted from the North the vital principle of the constitution of what *was* the Union, and it is not too much to say that this principle contains an essential defect which has much contributed to the successful rupture of the Union.

Free Governments are of necessity divided into two classes, which may be called the Ministerial and the Presidential. Minor differences may be for this purpose disregarded, since minute ramifications will of necessity arise in the various circumstances of different countries, but the essential contrast remains. In Ministerial Governments the supreme Executive is appointed by the Legislative Assembly; in Presidential Governments the Executive claims directly under the people, as it alleges and boasts, and is specially elected by the nation at large. The type of Ministerial Government is the English: the type of Presidential Government is the American. With the aid of recent events, a little consideration will show that the latter method is radically inferior to the former,—although, being, in appearance at least, free to choose, the Southern Confederacy have selected it in preference to the former. There are three most effective causes of inferiority.

First. The choosers under a Ministerial system are much better than in the Presidential. A Legislative Chamber is always a select body, even under the worst system of election, far excelling the electing body from which it emanated. On the average it has

always better education, higher social position, more first-hand conversancy with public affairs. The latter especially it has always. A Legislative Chamber close to the scene of action is necessarily more conscious of the exact nature of public business, is more alive to the evident issue of proximate national decisions than the country at large can be. A Parliament, when it selects its ruler, does so with a full cognizance of the real importance of what it is doing. A nation rarely can do so. When very great principles are at stake,—when the best national mind is thoroughly roused,—the selection may be good. The Americans chose General Washington in preference to George the Third, and they chose well. But when the public mind is unexcited,—when there is no great event to stimulate it,—when political transactions are not so large as to awaken diffused feeling and diffused imagination,—the nation *en masse* is indifferent. It is not so much a bad judge as no judge. It has simply no opinion on the matter in hand. In consequence it judges at random; or rather, like a large constituency in parliamentary counties, like the borough of Finsbury or Lambeth, it is apt to fall into the hands of electioneering associations. It is too large to be canvassed, or managed, or personally solicited by the candidate. And as some elective apparatus, some choosing machinery, some mode of saying *who* shall vote for *whom* is necessarily requisite, a perpetual one is created, which chooses, not for patriotic reasons, but for corrupt reasons. The popular mind is at sea; it cannot elect for itself; and it falls into the guidance of professional electors (President-makers is the American word), who choose, not for the best reasons, but for the worst,—not for what the elected man will do, but for what they themselves will get. The vast unorganized popular constituency follows these licensed managers like sheep, as on a much smaller and more manageable scale one of the best of our metropolitan constituencies obeyed the *fiat* of its managers in the choice of Mr. Roupell.

And, secondly, even if the electors under the two forms of Government were equally competent,—even if a skilled assembly at the centre of politics were on a level in inherent capabilities with a scattered unskilled people,—it would not be less true that in accidental opportunities the assembly is far superior to the people. The House of Commons sees Lord Palmerston every day; the American people never saw Mr. Lincoln at all. The choice of a Parliament is made necessarily and naturally from its marked leaders, its authoritative heads of parties, its most prominent and business-like members. The prime minister under a Parliamentary Government must, it has been said, have these qualities.

"A Prime Minister under a Parliamentary constitution must have a very great number of great qualities. He must be a man of business long trained in great affairs; he must be, if not a great orator, a great explainer; he must be able to expound with perspicuity to a mixed assembly complicated measures and involved transactions; he must be a great party leader, and have the knowledge of men, the easy use of men, and the miscellaneous sagacity, which such eminence necessarily implies; he must be a ready man, a managing man, and an intelligible man." But an elective President chosen by the nation *en masse* need not have any of these excellencies. The electors have no means of testing daily and accurately whether he has them or not. An election by the people is a choice by distant people who are unskilled in business, and who have no close opportunities of investigating the respective merits of competing statesmen. The choice of a Parliament is the choice of comparatively skilled men that have the best opportunities of judging of those statesmen who strive as gladiators in the arena before them.

Thirdly. A Parliament can choose for an unfixed time; a people must choose for a fixed one. This follows naturally from the very nature of the two constituencies. A Parliament can act, judge, and decide whenever it happens to be sitting. It is a deliberative assembly, whose forms are contrived to promote due consideration and to expedite careful decision. If new circumstances arise, it can judge of them when they happen; if there is no change, they need come to no new or formal decision. They have a perpetual and latent power of ready choice which is always in reserve. If Lord Palmerston should be unequal to a sudden exigency, we can seek elsewhere; we can in that exigency find, by the choice and intervention of Parliament, a new ruler more precisely fit for it. But a large nation, such as only we need consider in modern times, cannot be continually choosing its rulers, and cannot change them at a sudden emergency. A presidential election at uncertain intervals would be an impossibility. The mass of the people are occupied in their own affairs, busy with their own trade, their profession, or their idleness, and they cannot be *without warning*, called to choose a sovereign. And this contrast between nations and Parliament has two consequences, both favorable to the Ministerial form of Government, and both unfavorable to the Presidential. The President, as we see in the case of Mr. Lincoln, when chosen at the stated day, must be retained till the next stated day of presidential election, however unfit, incompetent, and ignorant he may be: though chosen for quiet times, he must be continued through

unquiet times; though selected for a calm, he must be trusted as principal pilot through a storm. An irremovable ruler is as bad or worse than an unalterable law. Four years is as short a period as can elapse between one national choice of a sovereign and the next. If the interval were much less, the election would be chronic and perpetual, and there never would be a firm sovereign at all. But in four years the whole political world may change. A Crimean War or an Indian mutiny may introduce on a sudden, elements of incalculable force which no one could anticipate beforehand. The worst defect of a Presidential Government is, that it *leaves* for a stated term the supremacy to a single man, without the possibility of knowing beforehand whether he will be fit to control and master the unforeseen (and perhaps perilous) conjunctures which must happen during that term.

Again. It is a minor but still considerable defect of a Presidential Government, that not only does it compel the nation to wait during a certain interval before it makes a new choice of a supreme ruler, but also that it enforces a choice at the end of that interval. In a Parliamentary Government there is no stated day at which Lord Palmerston must be rechosen prime minister. He is removable at pleasure, but he is not under notice to quit; his power does not of itself cease and determine at a particular time. The country, therefore, is not bewildered, nor is its policy deranged, by the proximate probability that upon a certain 4th of March the entire machinery of Government may be changed—that everything which is may cease to be, and everything which is not as yet may begin to be.

In a Presidential Government, therefore, the Executive administrator is chosen by unskilled persons, whereas in a Ministerial Government he is chosen by comparatively skilled persons; he is chosen by persons who have few opportunities of judging, whereas a Parliament has many and good opportunities; he must be chosen at a fixed time, whereas in a Ministerial Constitution the country is never convulsed without necessity, and the same Cabinet may last twenty years; he is chosen for a fixed time, and during that period he must remain, however incompetent he may be to new events and changing circumstances, and though by his gross unfitness he may be palpably ruining the country. Even these several points of superiority are not all which a Parliamentary Government possess, but they are enough to show that we need not grudge our transatlantic relatives that form of Government which the disunited States, both North and South, from habit, blindness, and ignorance of what is better, seem both of them disposed to retain.

From The N.Y. Evening Post.
THE ANCIENT WAYS.

TESTIMONIES OF THE FATHERS OF THE
REPUBLIC.

WHO HAVE CHANGED?

WE noticed some days ago the publication of Mr. Livermore's valuable volume,* and promised to give in our columns at another time some extracts from the documents which, with singular industry and good fortune, he has been able to collect, bearing upon the general question: in what light was the negro regarded by those patriots and lovers of liberty whose wisdom and courage founded this Republic? This promise we now proceed to fulfil.

Mr. Livermore begins his volume with extracts from a message of Mr. Jefferson Davis, from speeches of Alexander Stephens, and from the infamous "Dred Scott Decision" of Judge Taney. To these he adds the replies of Judges McLean and Curtis to Taney, and extracts from Mr. George Bancroft's truly eloquent comments on the "Dred Scott Decision," in the 22d of February address before the Common Council of this city; and from Mr. Everett's New York address, July 4th, 1861.

He then proceeds to show, from numerous documents, what was the expressed sentiment of the people of the colonies, and of their leaders, in regard to the natural right of negroes; what was the real place of the blacks in society in the different colonies; how human slavery—negro slavery—was regarded by the leaders of opinion on this continent; what was thought of using negroes as soldiers during the Revolutionary struggle.

In a time like this, when the Republic is threatened with destruction by men who profess to be the only Americans faithful to the traditions of its founders, it is necessary to go back carefully to the opinions of those noble men. "The Union as it was" is a taking party cry, because Americans, while they continue to reverence the wisdom and purity of the framers of our Constitution and Government, are too often blind to the change which the supporters of a terrible wrong

* An Historical Research, respecting the opinions of the Founders of the Republic, on Negroes, as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers, read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, August 14, 1862, by George Livermore. Boston: Printed by John Wilson and Son.

have subtly infused into the spirit of our institutions. "The Union as it was" under Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, is the aspiration of every loyal American, of every faithful lover of liberty. But "the Union as it was" under the administration of Buchanan, as it had been made under the influence of the Davises, the Floyds, the Wigfalls, the Pryors, the Keitts, the Hunters, the Slidells—this Union, in which free speech was forbidden in half our bounds and threatened in the remaining half; in which the name and strength of liberty were prostituted to maintain and extend human bondage; in which a few slave-breeders and slave-drivers, grown defiant and reckless by the too long tolerance of free men, fiercely trampled upon every law guarding liberty, and sought to impose upon the whole nation the duty of guarding their slaves—this Union was not that of Washington. Its spirit was widely different from that which made us a nation powerful and glorious.

It is not slavery, but liberty, which made us great. It was not in the spirit of partial, but of *universal* liberty that our forefathers fought and legislated; and it is in the Free States, amid free speech, with the help of a free press, and in the hearts of free laboring men, that the just and humane spirit of the founders of the Republic has been preserved; while in the Slave States has come about a literal fulfilment of the prophetic words of Jefferson in his Notes on Virginia:—

"The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions; the most unremitting despotism on the one part, and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs in the circle of smaller slaves, gives a loose rein to the worst of passions; and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execration should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies; destroys the morals of the one part, and the *amor patriæ* of the other."

THE TESTIMONY OF THE FATHERS.

To maintain that the founders of the Government created it to perpetuate liberty and not slavery, seems like maintaining the most abject of truisms. Yet in these sad times, brought upon us by the too careless tolerance of a powerful wrong, even this must be proved; and liberty is arraigned upon the very soil which has been called her true home. What, then, did the fathers think and say on this subject?

The first article in our national creed is the key-note to all their thoughts:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that, to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It has been truly said by Mr. Bancroft: "The heart of Jefferson in writing the Declaration, and of Congress in adopting it, beat for all humanity: the assertion of right was made for all mankind and all coming generations, without any exception whatever; for the proposition which admits of exceptions can never be self-evident."

Jefferson's opinions of slavery are well-known; but it should be remembered that, strong as they were, and constantly published, they excited no opposition. He was merely expressing the public sentiment of Virginia when he wrote, on August 1, 1774, the instruction for the first delegation of Virginia to the Congress. In this, published afterwards in pamphlet form with the title, "A Summary view of the Rights of British America," this is one of the grievances presented:—

"The abolition of domestic slavery is the great object of desire in these colonies, where it was, unhappily, introduced in their infant state. But, previous to the enfranchisement of the slaves we have, it is necessary to exclude all further importations from Africa. Yet our repeated attempts to effect this by prohibitions, and by imposing duties which might amount to a prohibition, have been hitherto defeated by his majesty's negative."

In accordance with this spirit, the second article of the "Continental Association," adopted and signed by all the members of the Congress October 20th of the same year (1774), reads thus:—

"That we will neither import nor purchase any slave imported after the first day of December next, after which we will wholly discontinue the slave trade, and will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels nor sell our commodities or manufactures to those who are concerned in it."

This was done as the beginning of the abolition of slavery; and it was adopted by all the colonies in their separate Congresses, as well as by their delegates to the General Congress. Nor was the agreement a dead letter, as Mr. Livermore shows, by an address "To the Freemen of Virginia," by the committee of the town of Norfolk, exposing to universal contempt, "as the enemy of American liberty," one "John Brown, merchant of Norfolk," who in the following March was detected in smuggling slaves into Virginia from Jamaica.

It is an odd circumstance that the name of this persistent man-stealer should be the same as his who, eighty-four years afterwards, threw all the South into a ferment by his bold dash at slavery.

Washington all his life condemned slavery, and at his death set free his slaves. One of the last acts of Franklin's life was to sign "an Address to the Public from the Pennsylvania Society for the Abolition of Slavery." John Adams wrote, a few years before his death:—

"I have, through my whole life, held the practice of slavery in such abhorrence that I have never owned a negro or any other slave."

Jefferson intended, as he wrote to M. de Meusnier, to introduce in the Virginia Assembly, had he not been called to France, "an amendatory clause for the gradual abolition of slavery;" and he adds in the same note, in allusion to the matter having been put off, as inexpedient at that time:—

"But we must await with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full; when their groans shall have involved heaven itself in darkness—doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and, by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or, at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to the things of

this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of a blind fatality."

Christopher Gadsden and Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, have left their testimony in opposition to slavery in no ambiguous terms. Mr. Laurens wrote from Charleston in August, 1776, a letter quoted by Mr. Livermore, setting out with the words: "You know, my dear son, I abhor slavery." He proclaims to the son his intention to set free his slaves, and asks for his "concurrence and approbation, advice and assistance."

In the Constitutional Convention, Mr. Madison "thought it *wrong* to admit in the Constitution the idea of property in men," and this was the prevailing opinion in the convention: Southern as well as Northern men agreeing in the expressed opinion of Mr. Pinckney, of South Carolina, that "if the Southern States are let alone, they will probably of themselves stop importations; he would himself, as a citizen of South Carolina, vote for it,"—and of Mr. Ellsworth, that "slavery, in time, will not be a speck in our country."

Gouverneur Morris, of Pennsylvania, to whom was finally committed the Constitution, to give finish to the style and arrangement of that instrument, said, in 1787, "he never would concur in upholding domestic slavery. It was a nefarious institution. It was the curse of Heaven on the States where it prevailed."

Luther Martin, of Maryland, held that the continued importation of slaves was "inconsistent with the principles of the Revolution, and dishonorable to the American character."

Colonel Mason, of Virginia, said that,—

"Slavery discourages arts and manufactures. The poor despise labor when performed by slaves. They prevent the emigration of whites, who really enrich and strengthen a country. They produce the most pernicious effect on manners. Every master of slaves is born a petty tyrant. They bring the judgment of Heaven on a country. As nations cannot be rewarded or punished in the next world, they must be in this. By an inevitable chain of causes and effects, Providence punishes national sins by national calamities. He held it essential, in every point of view, that the General Government should have the power to prevent the increase of slavery."

James Wilson, appointed by Washington

Judge of the Supreme Court, said of the constitutional power given to Congress to prohibit the importation of slaves:—

"I consider this as laying the foundation for banishing slavery out of this country; and though the period is more distant than I could wish, yet it will produce the same kind, gradual change which was pursued in Pennsylvania."

"I am sorry that it could be extended no farther; but, so far as it operates, it presents us with the pleasing prospect, that the rights of mankind will be acknowledged and established throughout the Union."

"If there was no other lovely feature in the Constitution but this one, it would diffuse a beauty over its whole countenance. Yet the lapse of a few years, and Congress will have power to exterminate slavery from within our borders."

In 1796 Mr. St. George Tucker, law-professor in William and Mary College, in Virginia, published a treatise entitled "A Dissertation on Slavery, with a Proposal for the Gradual Abolition of it in the State of Virginia." In his preface to the essay he speaks of the "abolition of slavery in this State as an object of the first importance, not only to our moral character and domestic peace, but even to our political salvation." In 1797, Mr. Pinckney, in the legislature of Maryland, maintained that, "by the eternal principles of justice, no man in the State has a right to hold his slave a single hour."

CITIZENSHIP OF FREE BLACKS.

Thus much as to the faith of the founders of the Republic on the subject of human slavery.

The fourth of the Articles of Confederation declared the citizenship of free negroes in these words: "The free inhabitants of each of these States—paupers, vagabonds, and fugitives from justice excepted—shall be entitled to all the immunities of free citizens in the several States." Mr. Livermore remarks:—

"It was not by accident or oversight that negroes were included in the phrase 'free inhabitants;' for, when this article was under consideration, the delegates from South Carolina moved to amend by inserting between the words 'free' and 'inhabitants' the word 'white.' The proposed amendment was lost; only two States voting in the affirmative. In the ninth article,

providing for forces for the common defence, the word 'white' was retained. The State of New Jersey, although a slaveholding State, objected to this, and made a representation to Congress on the subject."

Judge Curtis said truly, as to the citizenship of black men in our early days:—

"At the time of the ratification of the Articles of Confederation all free native-born inhabitants of the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, and South Carolina, though descended from African slaves, were not only citizens of those States, but such of them as had the other necessary qualifications possessed the franchise of elections, on equal terms with other citizens."

He quotes a decision of Judge Gaston, of North Carolina, in "*The State agt. Manuel*," where the judge says:—

"Foreigners, until made members of the State, remained aliens. Slaves, manumitted here, became freemen; and, therefore, if born within North Carolina, are citizens of North Carolina; and all free persons born within the State are born citizens of the State. The Constitution extended the elective franchise to every freeman who had arrived at the age of twenty-one and paid a public tax; and it is a matter of universal notoriety that, under it, free persons without regard to color, claimed and exercised the franchise, until it was taken from free men of color a few years since by an amended constitution."

BLACK SOLDIERS.

In relation to the question of using negroes as soldiers, Mr. Livermore has collected a most important mass of evidence, all going to show that the wisest and foremost men of the Revolutionary struggle were favorable to the employment of negro soldiers; and that, in fact, black men were in the Revolutionary armies in considerable numbers, and fought bravely—often desperately—for the cause of liberty, theirs as much as any one's.

Crispus Attucks was a mulatto slave, advertised as a runaway, for whose return ten pounds would be paid, in 1750. Twenty years afterwards, on March 5th, 1770, he rallied a wavering crowd of citizens, led them against the soldiers, and himself fell by their fire, the first martyr in the Boston Massacre, of which Daniel Webster said: "From that moment we may date the severance of the British empire."

Attucks was buried with public honors, and the stone placed over the four victims of the massacre had this inscription:—

"Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
Dear to your country shall your fame extend,
While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray, and Maverick fell."

At the battle of Bunker Hill, on the memorable 17th of June, 1775, negro soldiers stood side by side, and fought bravely, with their white brethren; and Peter Salem, a negro soldier, once a slave, fired the shot which killed Major Pitcairn, of the British marines, who led the assault. Colonel Trumbull, in his celebrated historic picture of this battle, introduces conspicuously the colored patriot. Peter served faithfully as a soldier, during the war, in Colonel Nixon's regiment.

Concerning Salem Poor, another negro soldier who served in the same battle, Mr. Livermore prints a petition to the Massachusetts General Court, for a reward, sent in by officers of his regiment, as being due him for behaving "like an experienced officer as well as an excellent soldier."

Samuel Lawrence, of Groton, "at one time commanded a company whose rank and file were all negroes, of whose courage, military discipline, and fidelity, he always spoke with respect. On one occasion, being out reconnoitring with this company, he got so far in advance of his command that he was surrounded, and on the point of being made prisoner by the enemy. The men, soon discovering his peril, rushed to his rescue, and fought with the most determined bravery till that rescue was effectually secured. He never forgot this circumstance, and ever after took especial pains to show kindness and hospitality to any individual of the colored race who came near his dwelling."

ENLISTMENT OF NEGROES IN THE STATES.

At the commencement of the war, says Mr. Livermore, it appears to have been customary for the free negroes to be enrolled with white citizens in the militia. In many instances slaves also stood in the ranks with freemen, but shortly it was ordered that only freemen should be admitted to the army, and by various regulations of most of the States it became the rule that a man who had served the country against the enemy was by that act made free.

South Carolina, in 1775, authorized the enrolment of slaves as "pioneers and laborers," but the selfish slaveholders afterwards revoked this permission, though the best patriots in the State urged that negroes should be employed not only as pioneers but as soldiers. Mr. Livermore remarks :—

"Although slavery existed throughout the country, it is a significant fact that the principal opposition to negro soldiers came from the States where there was the least hearty and efficient support of the principles of Republican Government, and the least ability or disposition to furnish an equal or fair quota of white soldiers."

It would seem that in this respect at least South Carolina has not changed.

"South Carolina and Georgia contained so many Tories, at one time, that it was supposed the British officers, who elsewhere would, by proclamation, free all negroes joining the royal army, might hesitate to meddle with them in these colonies, lest 'the king's friends' should suffer thereby."

Congress, at the motion of Southern members, determined, in 1775, that negroes be rejected from the army; but they were there already, and, as would seem, in considerable numbers. General Washington wrote, remonstrating, in December, 1775; and Mr. Sparks says :—

"The resolve was not adhered to. . . . Many black soldiers were in the service during all stages of the war."

General Thomas wrote of negroes in the army in 1775 :—

"We have some negroes, but I look upon them in general equally serviceable with other men for fatigue; and in action many of them have proved themselves brave."

As to another class in the army he has not so good a report :—

"I would avoid all reflection, or anything that may tend to give umbrage; but there is in this army from the southward a number called riflemen, who are as indifferent men as I ever served with. These privates are mutinous, and often deserting to the enemy; unwilling for duty of any kind; exceedingly vicious; and, I think, the army here would be as well without as with them."

THE BRITISH GOVERNOR'S PROCLAMATION.

Governor Dunmore issued a proclamation of emancipation in Virginia, early in the war,

which created great consternation. But he was a narrow-minded and selfish man; he offered freedom only to such as came to his banners—the able-bodied men, that is—and gave himself no concern about the women and children. The negroes quickly saw that he cared nothing for them, but only for his own ends; and his selfishness found its reward in the loss of their confidence; so that, though the slaveholders were alarmed, the proclamation had little other effect. Yet all through the Revolution the threat of freeing the slaves was a terror to the Southern people. The Virginia planters took care to point out to their slaves that Dunmore promised freedom only to the able-bodied. Mr. Livermore quotes a paper printed in Williamsburg, Virginia, in which this point is made. On the other hand this hope is held out to the slaves as the reward for faithfulness :—

"Can it, then, be supposed that the negroes will be better used by the English, who have always encouraged and upheld this slavery, than by their present masters, who pity their condition; who wish, in general, to make it as easy and comfortable as possible; and who would, were it in their power, or were they permitted, not only prevent any more negroes from losing their freedom, but restore it to such as have already unhappily lost it!"

In 1776 General Greene reports to Washington that "eight hundred negroes were then collected on Staten Island to be formed into a regiment. On the 23d October, 1777, a Hessian officer, who was with Burgoyne at the time of his surrender, wrote in his journal, of our army :—

"The negro can take the field, instead of his master; and therefore no regiment is to be seen in which there are not negroes in abundance; among them there are able-bodied, strong, and brave fellows."

The capture of the British General Prescott, near Newport in 1777, which was hailed with joy through the country, was performed by Colonel Barton; a negro named Prince, who was part of his force, butting in with his head the door of the general's chamber.

Negroes were enlisted as "substitutes" in the army in Connecticut, to the number of some hundreds. The Rhode Island Assembly, in 1778, authorized the enlistment of slaves, who were to be freed on enlisting,

and receive the same pay, etc., as white soldiers. The masters were paid for the slaves. And here is a sample of these Rhode Island freedmen's quality :—

"When Colonel Greene was surprised and murdered, near Points Bridge, New York, on the 14th of May, 1781, his colored soldiers heroically defended him till they were cut to peices, and the enemy reached him over the dead bodies of his faithful negroes."

In 1778 the General Court of Massachusetts sanctioned the enrolment of negroes, but not in a special corps. In Maryland, John Cadwallader wrote from Annapolis, in 1781 :—

"We have resolved to raise immediately seven hundred and fifty negroes, to be incorporated with the other troops ; and a bill is now almost completed."

In New York, in the same year, the Legislature offered a piece of land to the master for every slave he placed in the army, and freed the slave, if he served faithfully.

In South Carolina Henry Laurens and his son Colonel John Laurens strongly urged the enlistment of blacks. Henry wrote in 1779 to Washington :—

"Had we arms for three thousand such black men as I could select in Carolina, I should have no doubt of success in driving the British out of Georgia and subduing East Florida, before the end of July."

John Laurens received from Congress a commission as lieutenant-colonel, on the day when a report was made to raise negro troops in South Carolina. He wished to command a negro corps. Sir Henry Clinton was already using negroes as soldiers, and it is instructive to read in the report to Congress the representations of the South Carolina authorities, that they were

"Unable to make any effectual efforts with militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to prevent insurrections among the negroes,

and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy."

Will not the President's Proclamation once more subject South Carolina to this disability ? And if so, is it not an excellent and most advisable war measure ?

As for the conduct of slaveholders, where they lost their slaves by the act of war, let the example and the words of Jefferson be their model. He wrote of a visit of Lord Cornwallis to his plantation :—

"He carried off also about thirty slaves. Had this been to give them freedom, he would have done right ; but it was to consign them to inevitable death from the small-pox and putrid fever, then raging in his camp. This I knew afterwards to be the fate of twenty-seven of them."

General Lincoln repeatedly and earnestly implored that the army in the South might be strengthened by enlisting negroes. Mr. Madison thought it advisable to enlist blacks. Colonel Laurens made continual efforts in this direction, and General Washington wrote these severe words to Laurens, when the latter announced the opposition which had been made in South Carolina and Georgia to the enlistment of blacks. Mr. Livermore says truly that Washington seldom wrote anything so severe :—

"I must confess that I am not at all astonished at the failure of your plan. That spirit of freedom, which, at the commencement of this contest, would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its object, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public but private interest which influences the generality of mankind ; nor can the Americans any longer boast an exception. Under these circumstances, it would rather have been surprising if you had succeeded ; nor will you, I fear, have better success in Georgia."

Let us ponder these lessons from our own history.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

Diary from March, 1857, to December, 1862.

By Adam Gurowski. Boston: Lee and Shepard, 1862.

THIS work is a crabbed specimen of authorship. It says many things that could only have been learned by a betrayal of confidence, and many things founded upon the idlest rumor. It prejudices both men and things. The humor of it is sometimes that of Thersites, when his thorny tongue lashed the heroes of the camp, and sometimes that of Caliban when he cursed the arts of his superiors. No one, we think, can much admire its manner, very few will accept its matter—and yet it is a book to be carefully read. Under the rough and prickly burr there is a nutritive nut. It contains truths which the American people, and above all the leaders of the American people, ought to ponder.

Count Gurowski, the author, is a Polish exile, who had taken part in the wars of his native country for human freedom, and who sought refuge in this land of freedom from the storms of adverse fortune. He is a scholar of some pretensions, a keen observer, a trained thinker, and a writer of considerable force. His works on the Russian Empire and on America are the products of a reflective and philosophic mind. He has studied society thoroughly, and politics with no little discernment and insight. A Radical by conviction and sympathy, he has learned to distrust and despise the acknowledged and revered authorities of the world. His habitual tone has become that of the grumbler and cynic: and this tone has been deepened and soured by personal disappointments. A fugitive from the abuses and miseries of the old world, he has not always found the consolation and solace which his imagination led him to expect in the new. Thus, without youth or hope, his illusions and ideals dissolved, and his future cheerless, he has none of the elevation, the confidence, and the kindliness which belong to youth and hope. His judgments are acrid: his outlooks gloomy; and he tries our young and inexperienced men by standards created as much by an overweening self-estimate, as by the sense of truth and justice.

We have said, however, that in spite of this superficial repulsiveness, there is truth under the skin, and we will state what we

take it to be. Count Gurowski discerns, in the first place, the lamentable mistakes of the actual Administration. He sees that a gigantic and infamous war against the noblest principles of human government and the most benignant institutions—a war begun by slavery, upheld by slavery, and which has no meaning or end except slavery—has not been managed with any adequate perception of its nature or malignity. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward not only long failed to see the inherent and inseparable connection of slavery with the war, but they quailed before its power, debilitated as it has been even in the Border States. They approached it always shivering, and hit it, when they did hit it, like schoolboys striking a vicious ox, with side blows from which they immediately ran away. On this point Mr. Seward's diplomatic correspondence is good testimony.

Again: in the military management of our affairs the author before us sees an incapacity that no sensible man now denies. The Administration kept at the head of its principal armies a captain of engineers who had had no experience to recommend him, who was an utter novice in war, who was singularly unenterprising and slow, and whose delays and failures became so monstrous in their effects that the whole civil community cried out against him; and yet, in spite of disastrous delays, immense battles lost, calamitous retreats—(puerile and bombastic despatches, notorious injustice to worthy subordinate generals, an utter want of sympathy in the objects of the war, we will not speak of)—persistent disobedience of orders, and the remonstrances of nearly every sincere friend of the Administration, he was sedulously retained in the place he was so incompetent to fill. And when at last he was removed, the grand opportunity for ending the campaign of Maryland and perhaps of the war, was frustrated and lost by his determined do-nothingism. Under such circumstances, it is not strange that an earnest, impulsive observer, whose soul was absorbed in the success of the war, should break out into maledictions of the authors of the result.

But while it was only natural that he should thus have revolted at the too patent signs of a want of discernment, decision, and firmness in the Administration, it was at the

and receive the same pay, etc., as white soldiers. The masters were paid for the slaves. And here is a sample of these Rhode Island freedmen's quality :—

"When Colonel Greene was surprised and murdered, near Points Bridge, New York, on the 14th of May, 1781, his colored soldiers heroically defended him till they were cut to pieces, and the enemy reached him over the dead bodies of his faithful negroes."

In 1778 the General Court of Massachusetts sanctioned the enrolment of negroes, but not in a special corps. In Maryland, John Cadwallader wrote from Annapolis, in 1781 :—

"We have resolved to raise immediately seven hundred and fifty negroes, to be incorporated with the other troops; and a bill is now almost completed."

In New York, in the same year, the Legislature offered a piece of land to the master for every slave he placed in the army, and freed the slave, if he served faithfully.

In South Carolina Henry Laurens and his son Colonel John Laurens strongly urged the enlistment of blacks. Henry wrote in 1779 to Washington :—

"Had we arms for three thousand such black men as I could select in Carolina, I should have no doubt of success in driving the British out of Georgia and subduing East Florida, before the end of July."

John Laurens received from Congress a commission as lieutenant-colonel, on the day when a report was made to raise negro troops in South Carolina. He wished to command a negro corps. Sir Henry Clinton was already using negroes as soldiers, and it is instructive to read in the report to Congress the representations of the South Carolina authorities, that they were

"Unable to make any effectual efforts with militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home to prevent insurrections among the negroes,

and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy."

Will not the President's Proclamation once more subject South Carolina to this disability? And if so, is it not an excellent and most advisable war measure?

As for the conduct of slaveholders, where they lost their slaves by the act of war, let the example and the words of Jefferson be their model. He wrote of a visit of Lord Cornwallis to his plantation :—

"He carried off also about thirty slaves. Had this been to give them freedom, he would have done right; but it was to consign them to inevitable death from the small-pox and putrid fever, then raging in his camp. This I knew afterwards to be the fate of twenty-seven of them."

General Lincoln repeatedly and earnestly implored that the army in the South might be strengthened by enlisting negroes. Mr. Madison thought it advisable to enlist blacks. Colonel Laurens made continual efforts in this direction, and General Washington wrote these severe words to Laurens, when the latter announced the opposition which had been made in South Carolina and Georgia to the enlistment of blacks. Mr. Livermore says truly that Washington seldom wrote anything so severe :—

"I must confess that I am not at all astonished at the failure of your plan. That spirit of freedom, which, at the commencement of this contest, would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its object, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public but private interest which influences the generality of mankind; nor can the Americans any longer boast an exception. Under these circumstances, it would rather have been surprising if you had succeeded; nor will you, I fear, have better success in Georgia."

Let us ponder these lessons from our own history.

From The N. Y. Evening Post.

Diary from March, 1857, to December, 1862.

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But while it was only natural that he should thus have revolted at the too patent signs of a want of discernment, decision, and firmness in the Administration, it was at the

same time unjust not to allow for the peculiar circumstances in the political opinion of the country which may have produced its hesitation. It was more particularly unjust not to acknowledge that at length the Administration discovered its mistake and reformed its policy. By the proclamation of September 22, the President has shown that he now comprehends the full measure of his duties, and Mr. Seward, in his later correspondence with Messrs. Adams, Dayton, and Perry, has given a full and able approval of its principles. In witness of the same change, by the removal of McClellan, their military errors are in a fair way of being corrected, and the prosecution of the war rendered more vigorous than it ever yet has been. That extraordinary mistakes may have been made, we are, then, ready to admit; but we regard it as only ill-natured and splanetic to dwell upon those mistakes after every effort has been essayed to return to the right path. Our Administration is, for the time being, our government, and when that government is assailed by traitors, however much we may deplore its errors, we are yet bound to rally to its support.

In spite of his bitter objurgations against our leading statesmen and military men, against Lincoln, Seward, Halleck, McClellan, Fremont and innumerable others—for the unhappy writer is by no means limited or partial in the range of his indignation—he sees that there are, nevertheless, some men of civic virtue among our statesmen, and some generals of comprehension and skill among our military chieftains. He finds in Stanton, Wade, Welles, Chandler, and many others, an honest devotion to great civic and national ends; and in Banks, Sigel, Grant, McDowell, and our entire naval service, the most noble and gallant examples of patriotic efficiency.

But the feature of the work which redeems its defects in other respects, and even commends it to admiration, is the stern, unmoved, enthusiastic confidence with which the writer relies upon the energies and purity of the American people. In spite of constitutional cynicism, in spite of his disappointments, in spite of his disgust at the politicians, and his contempt for leaders, he retains his convictions of the essential superiority of the principles of self-government, and his ardent reliance on the popular mass-

es. He is moved to perpetual exclamations of delight by the sublime enthusiasm, energy, and devotion of the American people, and it is the fact that a people so confiding, disinterested, and good should be in any way betrayed or unworthily guided, which adds poignancy to his sorrow and bitterness to his criticisms.

THE DARK SIDE: THE BRIGHT SIDE: THE PRACTICABLE SIDE.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

WE are discovering at last that the South are a dangerous people. Warlike, audacious, needy, unscrupulous, individually disinclined and disqualified for industrial pursuits, but both inclined and qualified for war, rapine, and conquest, their separate existence is incompatible with the peace of the world. Such men in former times inaugurated the dark ages, and now control the miserable destinies of Spanish America. There is no safety for civilization, liberty, or human progress, but in their absolute suppression.

This suppression can be effected by a united North, and a war of moderate continuance, such as those to which other nations have been accustomed to submit. History tells of wars of ten years' and of thirty years' duration, but our war has not yet lasted two years. The tremendous struggle of England against France, beginning in 1793, and lasting (with the brief exception of the peace of Amiens) till the battle of Waterloo in 1815, occupied more than twenty-one years. And this was a war of fluctuating fortunes, of fruitless and ruinous expenditures, of disheartening failures and defeats,—nevertheless manfully carried on under different and adverse administrations, with the unwelcome accompaniments of the press-gang and the tax-gatherer, of grinding imposts and unfathomable debt, until England came out of it at last, perhaps the most wealthy and powerful nation of the globe.

We have yet to learn, what every nation in Europe has had to learn, that war, if not the normal state of mankind, is nevertheless an endurable state. It can be indefinitely borne by a nation conscious of its own power, the justice of its cause, and the slow but sure decline of its adversary. The South began this contest with abundance of food

and clothing, with ships and trade, with flourishing commercial cities and a great staple which was indispensable to the civilized world. How many of these things, have they left to enjoy or to use at the present time? Certainly, if the progressive impoverishment of the next year shall bear its due proportion to that of the last,—if there is anything reliable in the bodings of their own newspapers,—if the supporting of an immense army is ruinous to a cramped and exhausted country,—if drawn battles, or even victories, shall leave them worse off than before, then the end of their career must be only a question of time.

Meanwhile the North is relatively rich, progressive, and prosperous. The cities are busy, the crops abundant, the markets prompt and remunerative, the wages of labor high, the inducements for immigration great, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture all actively and profitably pursued, the taxation by no means excessive when compared with that of other nations, and the national debt, if it becomes large enough to reach posterity, sure to constitute a firm, cementing bond of the Union.

The importance of the South has been overrated. If the Southern States were swallowed up by an earthquake, the world would be again supplied with cotton in two years. Cotton is an annual plant requiring for its production only seed, soil, and necessity. The seed is always to be had,—the soil constitutes a zone round the earth of some seventy degrees,—the necessity is furnished by starving Europe, and by the high price of cotton, which now makes it by far the most profitable crop that can be anywhere raised.

Two years more of vigorous war and blockade will cause the world to supply itself with cotton, without an earthquake. The hundred new places which are now struggling to raise cotton, will be five hundred next year. And when the production

shall have once more overtaken the demand, cotton will become a drug; and if it shall ever happen that the pacified South shall be able to return to the cultivation of cotton, it will only be to render it still more a drug, exceeding in that character all other kinds of property except negro property, which will then not pay for keeping.

It now seems probable that the future acts in the drama of this war will be better adapted to our own character and power, as well as to those of the enemy, than they have hitherto been. We shall make it a question of relative endurance, rather than of enormous invasion and illimitable bloodshed. There is no doubt that a Napoleon or a Pellissier might take Richmond by the sacrifice of a hundred thousand men; but the prize would not be worth a hundredth part of the cost. On the other hand, how long can the devastated fields and exhausted granaries of Virginia hold out in supporting the army of locusts which now, in the character of defenders, infests and devours them? Yet such an army must be kept up in every Southern State to protect its vulnerable points from the inroads which are made at comparatively little expense, on every coast and river.

The Fabian policy, which under Washington carried us through the Revolution, will again carry us through this war. The hot blood of the South may at times prove more than a match for us in the onset of the battle-field, but it poorly bears the weary and consuming influence of passive warfare,—of labor wasted on trenches instead of crops,—of starving families deserted by drafted men, and left to the doubtful fidelity of slaves,—of idle and marauding soldiers driven by hunger to plunder friends and foes,—of factious and desperate parties, and the deferred hope of a military empire founded on the wretchedness of the many for the benefit of the few.

B.

THE UNION, AS IT SHALL BE.

On the rocks we read the story
Of the revolutions grand,
Which in ages past and hoary
Swept o'er mountain, sea, and land;
There we trace the mighty stages
Of the world's historic time;
And we mark the buried ages
By their monuments sublime;
And the lesson old earth teaches,
By her grand symbolic forms,
Is, that she all beauty reaches,
Through upheavals, fires, and storms.

History points with solemn finger
To her records dim and old,
And, as thoughtfully we linger,
Still the lesson there is told;
Through the struggles and the burnings,
Through the stern and frantic strife,
Through the nations' fierce upturnings,
Put they on a fresher life;
Then they pass to higher stages
Both of beauty and renown;
In the conflict of the ages
Greatness doth the nations crown.

Lo! we feel the wild upheaval
Of a nation's hidden fires;
Right is battling with the Evil,
And the smoke to heaven aspires;
War, tumultuous and red-lighted,
Sweepeth with sirocco blast,
And our green young land is blighted,
As the tempest whirlleth past:
Not the death-throe of the nation
Is this wild and awful hour,
'Tis its painful transformation
To a nobler life of power.

As the fossils huge were buried
In the massy folds of rock,
So our Saurian crime is hurried
To its death-throe in the shock;
'Neath the Union's broad foundations
Shall the monster Slavery lie,
While the coming generations
Ponder o'er the mystery:
Through long periods of beauty,
From its dark transition time,
In its march of power and duty,
Shall the Union live sublime.

Nobler, freer, and more glorious,
Shall the future Union be;
O'er the despot's rod victorious,
All the lands its strength shall see;
North and South in one dominion,
One in freedom evermore.
O'er one land on loving pinion
Shall the lordly eagle soar;
Northern lake, and Southern harbor,
Cotton field, and prairie wide,
Seaside slope, and greenwood arbor,
All shall boast the Union's pride.

On, through all the stormy trial,
God shall bring us on our way,
Let us meet the stern denial,
Let us watch and wait and pray;
Up from all this tribulation
We shall rise a nobler land,
And in peerless exaltation
'Mid the nations envied stand:
Welcome storm and fire and peril!
Fields elysian yet shall rise,
O'er our war-worn wastes and sterile,
Wrought by freemen's sacrifice.

D. WILLIAMS.

Oxford, N. Y.

—*Anti-Slavery Standard*

VICTORIA REGINA.

PERCHANCE 'tis well thou wear'st a crown;
It serves to signalize
That woman's worth and fair renown
Are brightest verities—
Are not eclipsed by earthly glow
To dullest eyes.

Thou reignest by a twofold right—
The ancient right of kings
Hath placed upon thy brow a might
To rule o'er many things
Whose glory, saith the Sacred Word,
Swift taketh wings.

Thou reignest by a larger right—
The right of womanhood
Hath placed within thine heart a might
To sway men's souls to good—
Winning for thee in every land
Some holy rood.

So speak we that we know full well,
And what our land hath seen,
To testify with utter truth
The Woman crowns the Queen,
And royal is the robe, whose folds
Catch heavenly sheen.

For when, with inward-bleeding wound,
Smitten most grievously,
Our country learned, wish eyes astound,
How false a friend might be;
Thine influence tempered bitter winds
That blew o'er sea.

So thou subduest wide domain
Beyond the reach of sword—
What force of arms could never gain
We yield with one accord,
And own the Right of Kings divine,
When in the Lord.

H.

—*Daily Advertiser.*